

APRIL

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CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



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Full-page illustration by Mary Spoor Brand

A HAPPY SCHOOL YEAR

(A Supplementary Reader)

Stories by ALICE DALGLIESH
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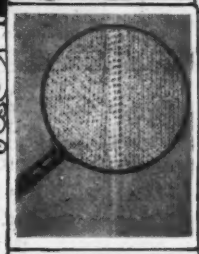
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CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume IV

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1925

Number 4

	PAGE		PAGE
COVER DESIGN Hazel Frazee		PUZZLE—FIND WENDY AND TINKER BELL	
GREETING PAGE		Helen Hudson	221
OUR JOY Rose Waldo	197	IN MUSIC LAND	
Drawing by Mildred Lyon Hetherington		THE FESTIVAL OF SPRING George H. Gartlan	222
FOREST FANCIES Frontispiece	198	Illustrations by Mabel Betsy Hill	
Drawing by Dorothy Henderson		POCKETS Louise Ayres Garnett	223
FIREFLY Elizabeth Madox Roberts	199	PARENTS' PAGE	
Drawing by Dorothy Henderson		OUR CHILDREN AND MOTHER NATURE'S	
BESS AND THE DRAGON FLY Ethel C. Brown	200	Clara Ingram Judson	224
Illustrations by John Dukes McKee		OUTDOOR SPORTS	
SWIFTWING'S EASTER STORY		TORNADO Emmett Dunn Angell	227
Anna Botsford Comstock	201	Illustrations by L. Kate Deal	
Illustrations by John Dukes McKee		GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE	233
NURSERY NUGGETS		CARELESS CREATURES' COLUMN	
BUNNY AND THE WAFFLES Anna Williams Arnett	204	WILLIE WOLF Helen Cowles LeCron	234
Illustrations by Ethel R. Cline		Illustrations by John Gee Curley	
THE EASTER FLOWER CHOIR Anna Williams Arnett	206	THE JITNEY RUNS TO GENOA Leroy F. Jackson	235
Illustrations by Janet Laura Scott		OUR PLAYMATE APRIL Mary Carolyn Davies	236
FUNLAND		INDOOR PASTIMES	
DIZZY LIZZIE IN CRACKO-CRAZENIA		THE CHILD LIFE QUILT No. 7	
Hugh Lofting	208	Ruby Short McKim	240
Illustrations by Hugh Lofting		WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO Ruth Bradford	241
THE TOYTOWN TATTLER Alfred Wideman	210	Illustrations by Milo Winter	
HAPPINESS HALL		JUST LIKE THIS Bess Devine Jewell	242
THE APRIL PATH Margaret Warde	211	OUR BOOK FRIENDS Avis Freeman Meigs	243
Illustrations by Ethel R. Cline		CHILD LIFE KITCHEN Clara Ingram Judson	245
THE JOLLY J'S Helene Nyce	214	Silhouettes by E. Kate Deal	
ADVENTURE STORIES		YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S	246
THE ADVENTURE OF THE SEVEN KEYHOLES		THE BUNNY BUNGALOW Elinor d'Albert	247
Augusta Huiell Seaman	215	THE TREASURE TRAIL Chet Law	248
Illustrations by Mildred Lyon Hetherington		JOY GIVERS' CLUB	249
PLAYS AND PAGEANTS			
THE BUNNIES' EASTER QUIZ Frances Cavanah	218		
Illustrations by Hazel Frazee			

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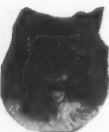


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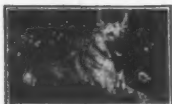


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CHILD LIFE Dog Stories

MY DOG SPOT

I HAVE a little dog
His name is Spot;
I like him whether
You do or not.

CORA MAE WIGHTMAN
8 years old. Plainfield, Ill.

POLITE DOGGIE

I HAVE a little doggie
He is so nice and white,
I teach him all kinds of
manners
And he is quite polite.

CLEON WILSON
9 years old.

TERRY

I HAVE a dog
And his name is Terry
He is as red
As a Holly Berry.
He gets our paper every day,
And brings it in
So happy and gay.

JOANN VAIL
7 years old. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

CHILD LIFE wants each of its little readers to have the companionship of a dog and will be only too glad to answer any inquiries pertaining to the selection of one of these loyal pets for your household. Just write to CHILD LIFE, Dog Department, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.



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OUR JOY



OH, LET us go out in the sun,
Go out in the sunshine and sing;
For the birds and the flowers
And the springtime is ours
With their beauty and blossoming!
Let us go with our lilies of love,
Go out where the palm branches swing;
For the whole world is rife
With newness of life
And joy is the spirit of spring!

Rose Walpole Edlin



CHILDREN LYON METHERING

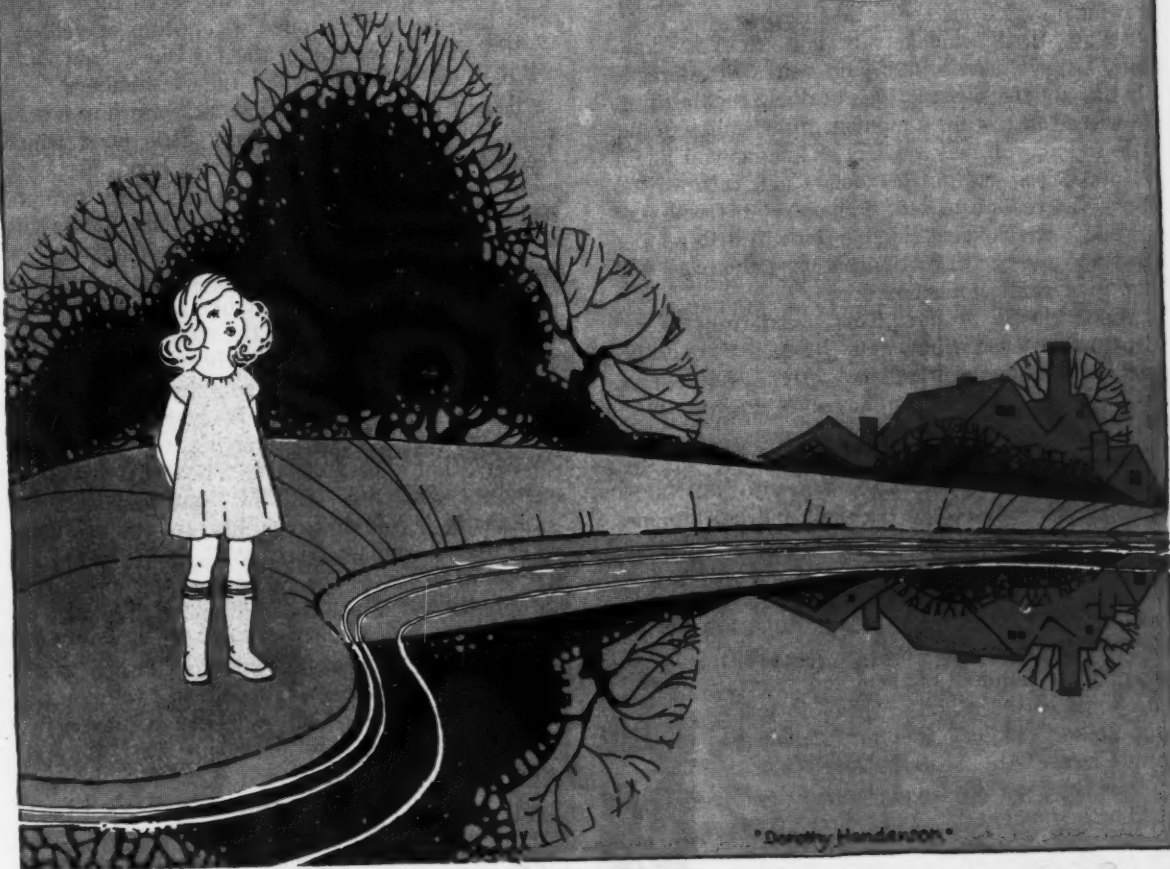
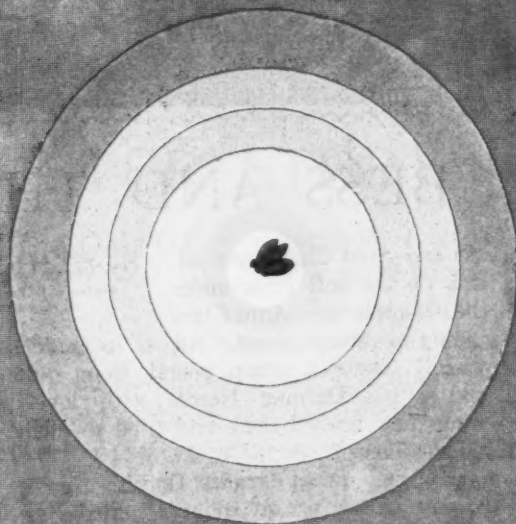


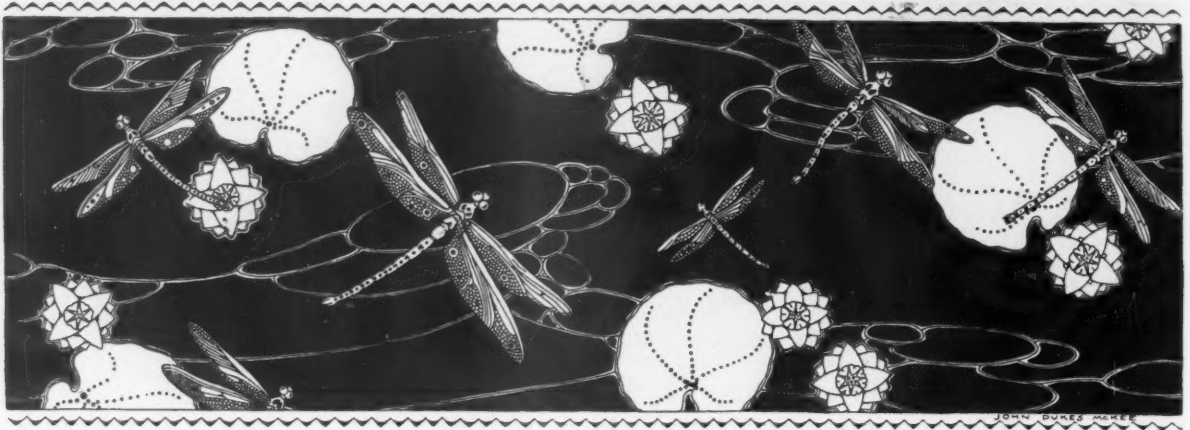
FIREFLY

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

A LITTLE light is going by,
Is going up to see the sky,
A little light with wings.

I never could have thought of it,
To have a little bug all lit
And made to go on wings.





BESS AND THE DRAGON FLY

BESS and Aunt Clara were sitting on the soft grass under the old apple tree. Aunt Clara

was reading a story aloud. All of a sudden "Buzz-zz-zz!" came a sharp sound from quite near, and a big Darning Needle with lovely, gauzy wings flew toward them and tried to alight on Bess's shoulder.

"Go away! Go away, naughty Darning Needle! Do you want to sew up my mouth?" cried Bess, drawing away from the little insect.

"Why, Bess, what a silly notion! You don't really believe such a story, do you? Mr. Dragon Fly has not the slightest idea of doing such a thing. He wished to rest for a moment, that's all. Come, little friend, you may sit here as long as you like!"

Aunt Clara held out her hand, and, with a little "buzz" as though to say, "Thank you, I will stay a while," the lovely, shining thing rested on her hand and sat there, jerking his head this way and that in a comical fashion.

"Look closely at him, Bess," said Aunt Clara. "But do not startle him away. See his wonderful gauzy wings, like the finest lace. Aren't they lovely? And—guess, now! How many eyes do you think he has?"

"Why, four, perhaps," said Bess.

"He has 24,000 eyes! Now what do you think of that? He can look to the right and left, up and down, backward and forward, and in every direction at the same moment!"

"Why, I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Bess.

"He is probably looking at you with two or three hundred of them and at me with some of the others. What do you suppose we look like to him?" laughed Aunt Clara. "Ah! There he goes! Good-bye, Mr. Dragon Fly! Come again, soon!"

"There he goes! And there goes another one over by the lilac bush, but he is different, isn't he? He is blue.

By **ETHEL C. BROWN**

Author of "The Three Gays," "The Three Gays in Maine," etc.

Come here, Mr. Darning Needle!"

"There are over two hundred kinds of dragon flies, and naturalists

are very much interested in studying them. Their bodies are covered with little joints. See how flexible they are when they fly this way and that. They can fly backward and forward, sideways and every way, just as they can see in every direction. On the Amazon River there are found the largest and most brilliant kinds. Some are seven inches long with lace-like wings tipped with white or yellow."

"I'd like to see one of the big ones," said Bess. "What are they like when they are babies?"

"When one is little he has six sprawling legs, a rough little body and a funny little hood which seems to cover his face. But this hood flies back when he wants to eat. He is a tiny water nymph, really. And how do you suppose he makes his way through the water? He has no fins or paddles. Some years ago a British battleship was built to go by a method just like his. Well, he is formed like a tiny boat; in the stern of this worm-skin boat is a pump. When the baby dragon fly wants to take a voyage his muscles set the pump to work, and away he shoots, his little masked head in the prow of the boat, directing its course."

"Why, that's just like being a boat and a passenger at the same time, isn't it?" laughed Bess.

"Exactly. Wouldn't you like to see the little water nymph sailing along? Well, at the end of his first year, he leaves the pump-boat anchored to a water plant and comes out of his old skin or shell as an aviator.

"He hoists sail with four lovely, gauzy wings, and sets out on a trip through the air, a wonderful, rich-colored dragon fly, just as you see him now. Ah! Here he comes again! Good day, little friend!"

"Come, little dragon fly!" cried Bess.

And in another minute the gauzy creature, with a polite "buzz-zz-zz" of gratitude, settled contentedly on Bess's hand.





SWIFTWING'S EASTER STORY

HAPPY Easter, By ANNA BOTSFORD COMSTOCK
 Uncle Henry!"
 shouted Peter

Author of "The Handbook of Nature Study,"
 "The Pet Book," etc.

vacation. I think this
 is what he would say."

The children gath-

joyously, running across the sunny tulip-edged lawn to meet his favorite uncle. "I found thirty-four eggs and Phoebe found thirty-two and the barn swallows are back!"

"We heard them call 'Pete-pete-pete!' when we were up in the haymow hunting eggs," added Phoebe, giving the newcomer a special Easter hug. "I 'spose they'll build another mud and straw cup nest, plastered to the side of a beam, and will line it with chicken feathers again. Won't they?"

Uncle Henry nodded.

"And then there'll be five white eggs speckled with brown and lavender and they'll hatch into cute short-tailed baby swallows that are always so hungry," Peter went on.

"Yes," laughed Uncle Henry, who was a senior at college. "And you know it keeps Mr. and Mrs. Barn Swallow pretty busy gathering their food in the air while flying swiftly."

"Well, we're glad to see them back," said Peter. "'Cause they're so cheerful and 'cause you told us they ate mosquitoes and flies and other insects that bother us."

"I wish I knew just where they'd been all winter," Phoebe said dreamily. "I wish those swallows could talk!"

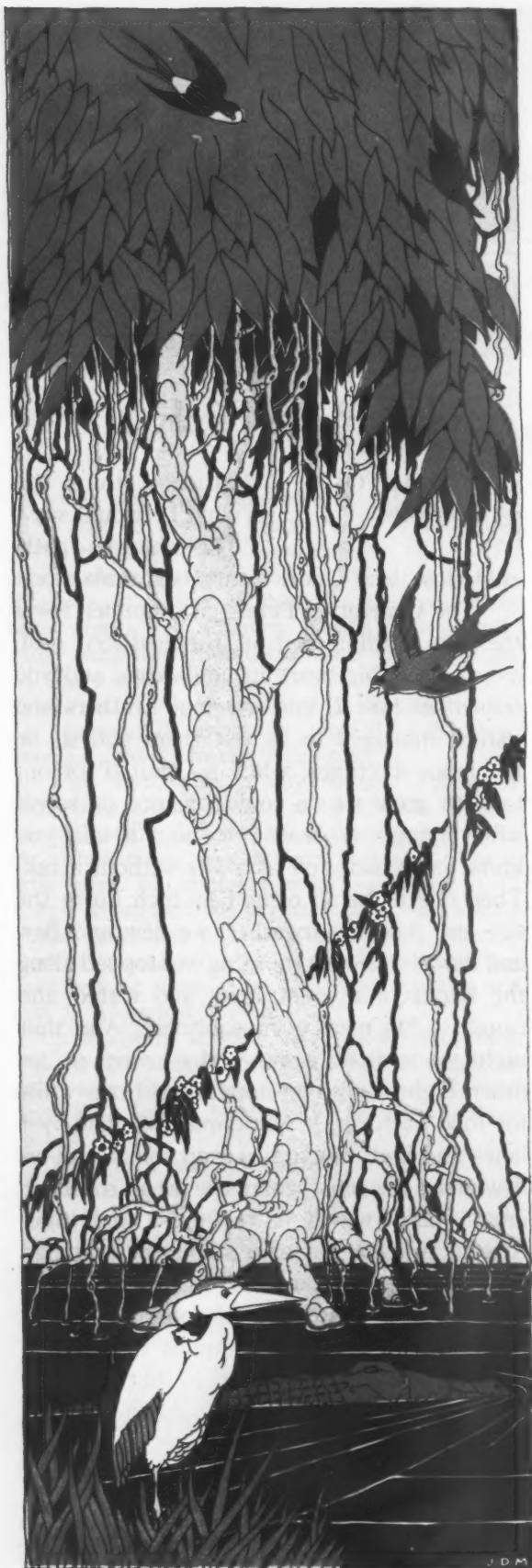
Uncle Henry was silent for a moment and then sat down by the sundial.

"You and Peter are hunting for an Easter story, I suppose!" he laughed. "Well, if Swiftwing could talk to you about his winter

ered close, and Uncle Henry began his story.

"You remember, Peter, last summer I was the first birdling out of the feathery nest, over on the big beam in your barn, and you remember how I, and my four brothers and sisters, managed to fly out there and sit on the fence daytimes, while we waited for our tails to grow so we could balance ourselves while flying. A swallow without a tail, you know, is as badly off as a kite without a tail. Then one night all of us flew high up in the sky and, keeping together, we flew and flew and flew! The next morning we stopped along the banks of a great river and rested and caught a big meal of mosquitoes. And that night we went on again, and we went on for other nights, always stopping a little while for food each day. Sometimes we flew over lakes and high mountains, and sometimes we flew along the coast where the ocean rolled up great foamy waves in the rocks and sand. After a time we came to a country that had great quiet rivers and lakes, and along the shores great alligators lay sleeping like brown logs in the sun; but sometimes they would wake up and roar and bellow so that the great blue herons, fishing in the shallow water, would fly up, frightened.

"There are palm trees and orange groves there. You should see an orange tree full of fruit! It looks like a Christmas tree all trimmed with yellow balls. Along the swamps



are cypress trees with their roots lifted up like knees out of the wet, and they have long slender twigs for swallows to rest upon; and there are so many mosquitoes and midges and little moths there that we stayed several days and ate our fill. We needed rest!

"Again we started on our journey over waters that looked black below us at night, and blue by day. After a long time we found an island to rest upon—an island that had plenty of flying insects for us to lunch upon! After that we flew on and on until we came to a wonderful country. Forests of trees that you never dreamed of grow there. You get Brazil nuts for Christmas; well, you should see the great trees they grow upon—trees that have bright green leaves two feet long! And their nuts grow, a dozen of them together. The reason these nuts are so three-sided is that they fit together in a circle, all growing in a single very hard shell. But the parrots can crack the shell and the nuts, and the macaws can split them as if they were made of paper!

"Did you ever think why macaws and parrots have such heavy beaks? If you could see them crushing the shells of palm nuts and other nuts that you would have to pound with a hammer to break, you would know what strong heavy beaks are for.

"You should see those parrots with feathers green, blue, yellow and red! You should see them as they hang by their toes, often upside down in the very tops of those tall trees, hunting for nuts and chattering like children on a picnic. And then the macaws! Never are such colors on other birds! Scarlet and yellow—crimson and gold and heavenly blue, more gorgeous than the court dresses of a king! These birds flock together and live in the tree tops and screech, making the worst racket I ever heard. I wish you could have looked down on these great forests with me; each looks like a carpet woven with different colored yarns. A carpet of the palms makes one pattern—the big rubber trees another—and hundreds of other trees, many of them all blossoming, yellow, pink, and red, make hundreds of patterns in the carpet. Maybe

you will go up in an aeroplane sometime and you will see how forests look to me. Down under these trees is all jungle. Of course, we never went under them. That is not the swallows' way. But when we were catching flies above the big rivers we could see the jungle—all sorts of shrubs and vines, so thick that a man would have to cut his way through with a hatchet. Along the banks of those rivers we sometimes saw a great python snake hanging from a tree, head down, waiting for his breakfast to come to him. I wasn't afraid, because a python would not take anything smaller than a hare.

"On these rivers where the water is still, there are beautiful pink water lilies with round leaves, big enough for a man to use as a boat.

"This is a country where swallows have to be careful where they go to sleep at night. Even the topmost branches of a tree aren't safe, for there is a raccoon there called kinky-joy, well named, too, for he kinks his tail around a branch and holds on while he uses all his paws to catch little birds asleep, and eats them. One has to look sharp for a safe place to rest there during the day, for there are plenty of monkeys climbing around ready to snatch a bird. Did you ever see a red-howler monkey? He is about the color of a red cow—but he is a terrible howler, and wails and moans and groans. His howls are enough to set any swallow's nerves all on edge! There are some monkeys that are rather nice, because they had rather eat fruit than birds. Some of these are called Spider monkeys because their arms and legs are so long. They use their tail to cling to branches, like another hand. It is fun to see one sprawling about, swinging from branch to branch, holding on by its tail and one foot, gathering fruit with one hand and one foot, and holding a fruit up to eat with the other hand. He is a busy fellow.

"You should see the little marmosets—monkeys not larger than squirrels, with white whiskers on each side of the face, like an old woman's ruffled nightcap!

"Oh, Peter and Phoebe, you should see the



(Continued on page 230)

BUNNY AND THE WAFFLES

By ANNA WILLIAMS ARNETT



ONE bright morning little Bunny Pink Nose was awakened by his mother calling, "Wake up, Bunny! Wake up! I need some milk for breakfast. Hurry and dress and hop down to the Wiggle Wiggie store and get a pint of milk for me—that's a dear little Bunny Boy."

Little Bunny Pink Nose opened one eye, snuffled his little pink nose and said, "I'm so sleepy, Mother. We don't need any milk."

"Oh, very well," said Mother Pink Nose. "I wanted the milk to make some nice brown waffles for breakfast to eat with butter and honey. But we can get along with toast and tea."

Bunny sat up in a hurry with both eyes wide open.

"Did you say brown waffles with butter and honey for breakfast?"

"Yes, I said brown waffles with butter and honey," answered Mother Pink Nose. Bunny jumped into his little blue rompers quicker than you can say,

"Jack Sprat,
Get my hat"

and started down the walk.

"Wait a minute, Bunny. You

haven't any money," called Mother Pink Nose.

So Bunny hopped up and down impatiently while his mother went into the bedroom and got a dime from the dresser drawer.

"Here is the dime for the milk. Be careful and not lose it, Bunny," said Mother Pink Nose.

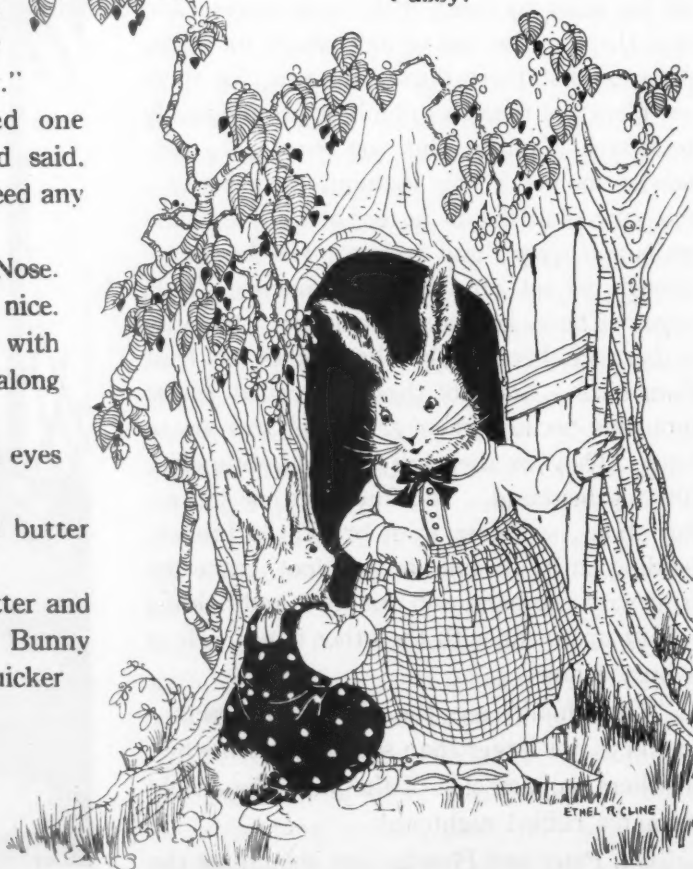
Bunny put the dime into his little pocket and then hopped away as fast as he could. As he was passing Mr. Poodle Dog's house, he saw the three little Poodle Dogs, Fido, Fun and Fuzzy, out in the yard playing circus.

Fido was standing on his head waving his tail in the air. Bunny stopped to watch him.

"Hello, Bunny! I'll bet you can't stand on your head," barked Fuzzy.

"I'll bet I can," answered Bunny.

"Let's see you, then," barked Fuzzy.



Bunny laid back his pink ears; down went his head and up went his little tail.

"Pretty good!" barked Fido. "I didn't think a rabbit could stand on his head. Rabbits are pretty smart after all. Come in and play with us."

"No, I can't stop to play," said Bunny. "I must hurry down to the Wiggle Wiggle store to get some milk for Mother." And Bunny hopped away after the milk.

Soon he came to the Wiggle Wiggle store. He went through the turning gate and got a pint bottle of milk.

Then he reached into his little pocket for the dime to

pay Mr. Wiggle Wiggle for it—and—what do you think?

(Now don't wink till I

tell you.) **THE DIME WAS GONE!**

Poor Bunny! He didn't know what to do. He hadn't the least idea what to do.

"How could I have lost that dime?" said Bunny.

"Are you sure you had a dime?" grunted Mr. Wiggle Wiggle. And he wiggled his snout and scowled so severely at poor Bunny that he felt as if he really had done something very dreadful indeed.

So Bunny put back the milk and started right home.

"Oh, me, oh my!
I want to cry!"

said Bunny. "Now we can't have any nice, brown waffles and honey for breakfast." And he hopped away very slowly and very sadly toward home.

By and by he came to Mr. Poodle Dog's house and, as he was passing it, Fuzzy came

running out.

"Have you lost something, Bunny Pink Nose?" barked Fuzzy. "Tell me what you have lost?"

"Oh, Fuzzy, I lost the dime Mother gave me for the

milk," answered Bunny Pink Nose, beginning to sniff-sniff-sniff.

"Well, here it is," barked Fuzzy. "It dropped out of your pocket when you stood on your head," and he held it up in his paw.

"Oh, thank you, Fuzzy. I am so glad you found it. Now we can have brown waffles and honey for breakfast," said Bunny.

Then he hurried back to the Wiggle Wiggle Store where old Mr. Wiggle Wiggle gave him the milk, took the dime, and grunted "Thank you."

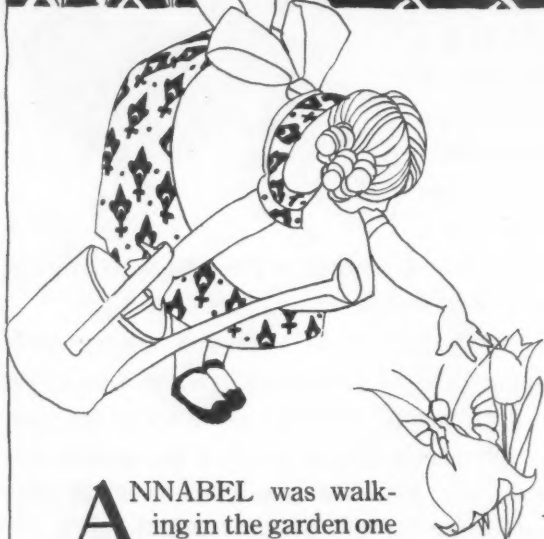
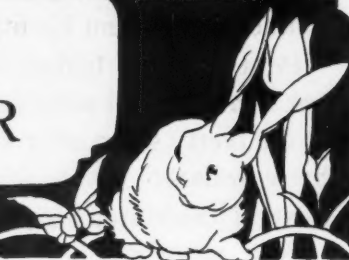
Bunny Pink Nose was so very happy that he even told grumpy Mr. Wiggle Wiggle where he had found his dime. Mr. Wiggle Wiggle grunted a second time. But though what he said was "Humph! Humph!" his eyes twinkled brightly as he said it.

When Bunny got home Mother Pink Nose made the most delicious brown waffles you ever ate and sent Bunny over with two waffles and one more for the three little Poodle Dogs.



THE EASTER FLOWER CHOIR

By ANNA WILLIAMS ARNETT



ANNABEL was walking in the garden one early spring day. She was startled when she heard a soft little voice, then a sigh.

Annabel stopped and stood still to listen. She heard the voice again. "Please, somebody help me," said the voice.

The voice came from a large clod of earth and as Annabel looked, she saw a bit of red showing underneath.

"Who are you, and what can I do to help you?" asked Annabel.

"I am Lady Tulip. Please lift this heavy earth clod away. I fear I shall tear my Easter gown if I try to pass it."

Annabel hurried and lifted the clod out of the way and Lady Tulip straightened herself up with a sigh of relief. "Thank you, little girl. Mother Nature sent me. She wished me to be here in time for Easter. I belong to the Flower Choir. The Flower Choir always sings on Easter morning. If you waken at dawn on Easter morning and listen, you will hear us sing."

"Thank you, dear Lady Tulip. That

would make me very happy," said Annabel. She then walked over to a rosebush to pick off some dry leaves. Near-by she heard a tiny voice singing. It was very faint, but beautiful. Annabel stopped and listened. She heard the words:

Easter time is coming, coming,
Beautiful Easter Day!
The bells will be ringing, ringing,
On beautiful Easter Day!"

Annabel followed the direction of the music and it led her to a sheltered corner of the yard. There she found some purple flowers and a sweet fragrance greeted her.

"Were you singing?" asked Annabel.

"Yes, little girl, it was I. My name is Hyacinth. Mother Nature sent me. She wished me to be here in time for Easter Day. I be-

long to the Flower Choir. The Flower Choir always sings on Easter morning."

"It is a beautiful song," said Annabel.

"If you will waken at dawn on Easter morning, you will hear the Flower Choir sing," answered the Hyacinth.

"That would make me very happy, dear Hyacinth," said Annabel.

Then she walked on down the path. She noticed something yellow showing through the bushes. She found some bright yellow flowers.

The yellow flower smiled and said, "I am Lady Crocus," and, spreading out





her yellow skirts, made a curtsy. "Mother Nature sent me. She wished me to be here before Easter Day."

"Do you belong to the Flower Choir?" asked Annabel.

"Yes, and I must practice my song," Then she raised her head and sang:

Easter time is coming, coming,
Beautiful Easter Day!
The bells will be ringing, ringing,
On beautiful Easter Day!

"If you awaken at dawn on Easter morning, you will hear us sing together," said Lady Crocus.

"Thank you, dear Lady Crocus, that would make me very happy," said Annabel. Then Annabel walked on to the end of the path. And there at the end of the path stood the most beautiful flower of all. She was tall and slim and dressed in pure white.

She was the Queen of Flowers.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Annabel.

"I am glad that you love me," said the Flower Queen, "for I love you. I am the Lily Queen. Mother Nature sent me to tell the world of love.

Easter is the time to remember that Christ is risen and loves all the world."

"Are you Queen

of the Flower Choir?" asked Annabel.

"Yes, and if you waken at dawn on Easter morning, you will hear us sing."

"That would make me very happy, dear Flower Queen," said Annabel.

That night Annabel dreamed of the flowers and at dawn she was awakened by the sweetest music that she had ever heard.

She ran to the window. A gentle breeze lifted the white curtain and the fragrance of many flowers came to her. She knelt by the window and listened. It was the Flower Choir singing:

Easter morn is dawning, dawning,
Beautiful Easter Day!
The story of God's love telling, telling,
This happy Easter Day!

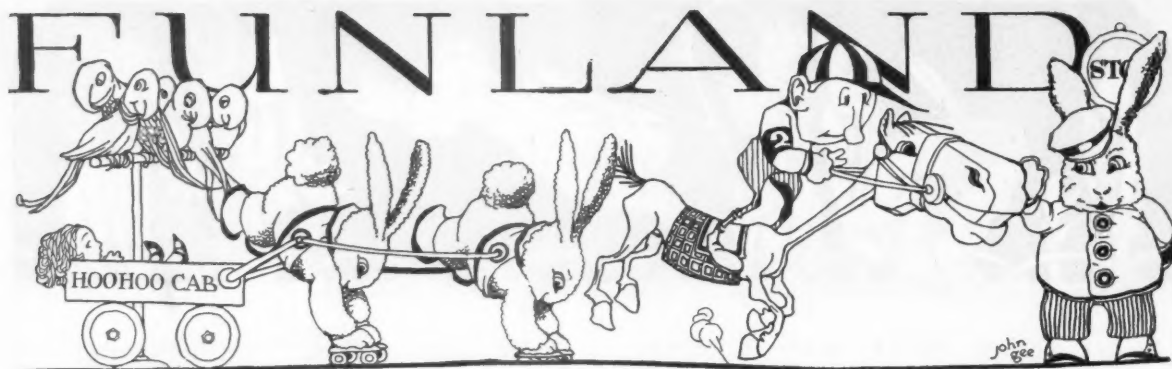
The Flower Choir sang until the sun rose over the hills, then the music grew fainter and fainter and finally ceased.



But Annabel never forgot the beautiful Easter song of the Flower Choir.

Janet Laura Scott





DIZZY LIZZIE IN CRACKO-CRAZENIA

By HUGH LOFTING

WHAT HAPPENED IN PART I AND PART II

Dizzy Lizzie, the famous founder of Crazy Day, would of course be among the very first to hear of such a country as Cracko-Crazenia, a fascinating republic where during the crazy season of early spring all the March Hares, the April Fools, the May Queens and those people whom the world calls crazy come to enjoy themselves. This spring Lizzie and her brother Aloysius and her friend Anxious Aggie manage to give their Aunt Emily the slip and arrive at the city of Nuthatch in this highly entertaining country. Leaving their money, their names and their reputations outside the Western Gate, they enter the city. Aggie is consoled with the new name of Aggripina Penelope, whilst Lizzie and Aloysius take those of Marie Louise and Bill Smith.

Author of "The Story of Doctor Dolittle," "Voyages of Doctor Dolittle," "Doctor Dolittle's Post Office," "Doctor Dolittle's Circus," "The Tale of Mrs. Tubbs," "Porridge Poetry"

"Yes," said the young man.
"What kind of ideas were you looking for?"

"I wanted an idea for a house," said Marie Louise. "I have several old ones. But I would like a new one this season. Something novel."

"Very good," said the salesman; "step this way, Madam."

Whereupon Marie Louise, Aggripina and

PART III

THERE was a sign above a door on the other side of the street which said, "John Jenkins' Idea Shoppe." And when they got within, the party saw several signs directing customers to different parts of the establishment as, "Men's Ideas," "Misses' Ideas," "Wholesale Department."



Bill were conducted upstairs and through a little glass door marked "Professor Foozle." In the inner office there was a tiny little man standing on top of a desk.

"Houses. Professor," said the salesman in a business-like voice. "Anything on that to-day?"

"Splendid!" cried the little man, running about the desk in

Marie Louise went up to a young man who was evidently a salesman and said, "Have you any good ideas this afternoon?"

such excitement that he tripped over an envelope and nearly fell into the ink-pot. "I've just had an idea. Listen. I—"

"Very good," said the salesman. "Then I'll leave the customers with you."

"You want an idea for a house?" said the tiny professor. "Well, you've come to the right place. Last week I invented a new material which will revolutionize building all over the world. I'm a chemist, you know. The stuff is made out of old potato peels; and I call it *Potatotex*. I roll it out with a machine, into long flat boards and you can cut it up like cheese. But it's awfully strong when it's in place. And a child can use it—make anything out of it, from bird houses to hotels. Where were you thinking of building?" the professor asked kindly.

Marie Louise was so fascinated by the extraordinary size of the tiny professor that she was not, as a matter of fact, thinking about houses at all at the moment.

"Oh-er," said she, "I had not yet made up my mind where to build."

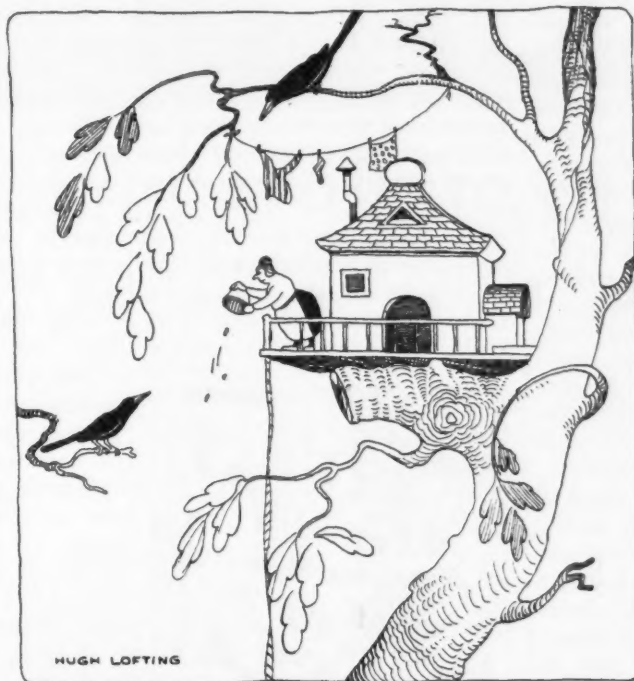
"Well, now," said the professor, "next door to my place there is an empty lot. Why don't you take that? And then I could superintend the building so easily. You see? Listen, I tell you what we'll do. You come over with me now and take a look at it. Unfortunately I can't ask you in to tea. My house would be a bit small for you and your party. You will pardon my not being properly hospitable?"

"Why, of course," said Marie Louise. "But how did you come to be so small? Were you born like that?"

"Oh, no," said the professor. "By no means. As I told you, I'm a chemist. And

in my native country the high cost of living got so terrible that my family couldn't possibly live on my salary. So I set about experimenting in reducing the size of the human body, so we would all eat less and be able to

live within our means. I was very successful. I brought myself and my whole family, by scientific dieting, down to the height of three or four inches. The entire household can now live on one hen's egg for a week and on a duck's egg for ten days. It was a great triumph. But let's be getting along. Just lift me on to the floor, will you? Climbing down



the chair legs takes so much time."

The party now left the idea shop and on reaching the street Marie Louise carried the Professor in order to travel more quickly. Under his guidance they presently came to an empty lot on a pleasant avenue. Here (as soon as Marie Louise had said she liked the position) the Professor got very busy. He summoned carters who delivered enormous quantities of what looked like very thick cardboard. Then he got hammers and saws and nails and set Bill, Aggripina and Marie Louise to work.

"This house," he said, "we will construct on my own patent design. It is very convenient. You will be delighted with it when it's finished."

In an extraordinarily short space of time the house was up and done—owing to the wonderful simplicity of building with *Potatotex*—and very pretty it looked. The owners were particularly pleased with the three-

(Continued on page 235)

THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

PAPER DOLL VISITS CANARY

Have you ever found yourself in someone's house without meaning to be there? It does sound rather ridiculous, now, doesn't it? Still that's the situation in which our paper doll friend, Lollypoppia McPulp, found herself one day not long ago. She was walking backwards across a table, just for the novelty. One *does* tire of walking forwards *all* the time, don't you think so? Well, walking backwards was lots of fun for Lollypoppia until—what do you suppose happened? She walked right between the bars and into the cage of a huge yellow canary bird!

The paper dolly was terrified; for wouldn't you be a bit scared, too, if you found yourself in a cage with a bird as big as you, with a sharp beak and strong claws? We'll let you in on the secret, however; the bird was just as afraid of Lollypoppia as she was of him, and he flapped his wings so wildly that the resulting wind blew Lollypoppia off her feet and pitched her head first into the dish of bird seed; then blew her head over heels across the canary's perch and at last fanned her out through the bars violently, and she spun around and around through the air before she finally floated gently to the floor.

All this happened a few days ago and Lollypoppia is just now recovering her breath. We've been watching her actions since her wild experience; and what way do you think our friend walks? Fr—oh, what good guessers you are!

TOYTOWN HAS TROLLEY CAR

Did you hear the clanging and the banging and the booming and the zooming that announced the fact that Toytown had a street car line at last? Oh, it was frightfully exciting, that first trip that the red and yellow tin car made from

Elephant Alley to Pinkittypocketty Place; and we assure you that the car was crowded to the door, with three animal crackers riding on the roof and a string of disappointed toys racing along behind, hoping that somebody would get off and give them a chance to ride.

The motorman, a pink-nosed pussycat, was greatly pleased with the way his car ran. The power consists of clockwork, and every ten hairpin lengths the conductor,



a blue-eared monkey with patent-leather teeth, had to get off and help the pink-nosed pussy wind up the spring with a huge metal key. Much fun was had when the pair wound up the car too rapidly, and the vibration tickled the passengers' feet and made them all giggle so hard that eight of them developed hiccoughs, and had to get off at the next stop. Their places were quickly filled, however, and the car proceeded.

All went well until Hoolaholla Hill was reached. Alas, the little tin car refused to climb.

"I beg your pardon, sweet-faced madam!" said the polite blue-eared conductor to a smiling rubber hippopotamus. "Would you mind getting off until we get started?"

"Anything to please you, old darling!" she replied, arching her tin eyebrows. But even with her weight removed, the car didn't budge.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Camel there with the purple earmuffs; would you mind getting off and

staying off until we get started?"

The camel couldn't hear with his earmuffs on, so the monkey pushed him out of the front door. Still the car didn't move.

"I beg your pardon, my dear elephant with the celluloid spats, but would you be so kind—"

"Aw, tell 'em *all* to fall off for a minute!" bellowed the impatient pussy motorman with the pinky nosie. They were nice, well-trained toys in that car, so they did as they were requested at once.

"All of you will have to walk to the top of the hill, where you can all get on again," announced the conductor.

"Do we get a free ride if we beat you up?" laughed a hand-painted horse.

"If you beat me up, you'll get a free ride in the police patrol!" frowned the monkey conductor.

"I mean up the hill, old silly!" neighed the nag; but just then the trolley car recovered its breath and shot up the hill and down the other side at a speed of ninety miles an hour, and nobody has seen it since. The excited toys say they hope to get postcards from the pink-nosed motorman and the blue-eared monkey, telling just where that tin trolley car *did* stop! And, incidentally, they would all like their fares back, please.

PERSONAL

BLACK CARDBOARD KITTYKAT NAMED GOOGOO

Why don't you come home? Your father has caught four tin mice for you to play with. Stop staying out nights, and don't you dare go near that glass-eyed poodle puppy, Spoopysnoot, for your uncle owes him twenty bones. Will leave soapbox door open for you to-night. Love and kisses.

MAMMA KITTYKAT

P. S. Wipe your paws on your ears before you come in, for I've just licked the kitchen floor clean.



THE APRIL PATH

By MARGARET WARDE

Author of the "Betty Wales" Series,
the "Nancy Lee" Series, etc.

IT'S been a very long time since my birthday party that was different," said

Dick, as he and Dolly and Mother sat waiting for Father to come home to supper one cold March night. "Can't we have some more fun that is different before long?"

"I don't see why not," said Mother briskly. "You think something up and I'm sure, in these dull, end-of-winter days, you'll find everybody keen to do it."

Dick looked astonished. "But you're always the one that thinks, Mommie," he objected.

Mother laughed hard at that. "Well, if I am," she said, "it's high time you took a turn. I'd be selfish if I kept the job to myself any longer. It's fun to think, Dickie. Exercising your mind with ideas is like exercising your body with running and jumping."

"Well!" Dick thought that over. "I certainly like to run and jump, so I'll try and see how I like thinking. Only if I don't have a very good thought this first time, then you'll have to help, Mommie."

"I will," Mother promised. "Give your mind till to-morrow night, Dickie, to have a splendid thought about some fun that will be different."

When to-morrow night came, Dick announced that

his mind was "just hopping around with an idea."

"It's for the Lincoln Cabin Club and the Lincoln Outing Club to bring their lunch to the Lincoln Cabin next Saturday and have a hare and hounds chase afterwards," said Dick. "You know we planned to meet together at the cabin sometimes, boys and girls both, but we haven't done it. So that's my idea."

"I think it's a lovely one, Dick," cried Dolly eagerly. Mommie's ideas always looked out for the girls, but Dolly had been dreadfully afraid that Dick's idea wouldn't.

"So do I," echoed Mother. "Do you want each boy and girl to take his own lunch in a box, or do you plan to cook something for everybody?"

"Didn't plan about it," said Dick. "Why not just do as it happens?"

Mother and Dolly exchanged amused glances.

"Oh, Dick, a boy's mind can't exercise on housekeeping," squealed Dolly delightedly. "What kind of a lunch should we have if it

wasn't all decided who'd bring what, and whether we're to bring it all ready to eat or make a fire and cook at the cabin?"



Dick looked bewildered. "You exercise your girl's mind on that, Dolly," he said. "I'll plan the hare and hounds chase. As long as I thought of it, I'm going to be a hare, and I want Andy for the other hare. Now don't disturb me while I'm writing down the way we'd better run."

So Dolly and Mother whispered very softly, with their heads together, as they planned about the lunch. And nobody remembered, until the party had all been planned and every member of both clubs had promised to come, that the next Saturday was the first of April—April Fool's Day.

"But that doesn't matter a bit," said Dick, when he did notice it. "This isn't an April Fool's meeting; it's a real meeting, and I hope nobody tries to play any silly old jokes. April Fool jokes are exactly the kind of tiresome fun that we've had forever and ever and that we're not going to have again this year."

Well, nobody did play any jokes—not at first anyhow. Dolly and Mother had planned that each child should bring his own lunch, but Mother had made a big panful of cookies to please everybody and help out the scanty lunches that some children would bring, and Harriet's mother had suggested sending a big bagful of marshmallows, "because they'll be sure to keep the place warm if they're going to toast marshmallows on sharp sticks for desert."

"Yes," agreed Dick and Dolly's mother, "and the toasting will keep them still a few minutes too, after they've eaten their lunch."

All these matters worked out beautifully. The president of the Outing Club proposed a vote of thanks for the cookies and the candy, and the president of the Cabin Club, not to be outdone, proposed a vote of thanks to Senda Smith's big sister and Jack Thompson's big brother, who had come to the meeting to see that everything went all right, and another to Dick for "stirring us up to have some fun."

Whereupon Dick said, "Thanks, fellows—and girls. As long as I thought of it, may I be a hare?"

In a minute it was arranged that Dick and Andy should be hares. So they each took a bag of paper

scraps for marking their trail, were given five minutes' start, and off they went on the route Dick had carefully planned. And all this time nobody had joked, and April Fool's Day hadn't been so much as mentioned.

Dick's trail was a good one. First, it ran straight up the road, where the going was good, because the hares wanted to get as far away as possible in their first five minutes. Then it crossed a high pasture, doubled back and forth confusingly in a little patch of wood, and crossed the brook twice—which made endless trouble for Jack's big brother, trying to get all the smallest hounds across dry-shod. Then it

followed an old log-road to a mountain road called the Quarterline that ran parallel to the road where the cabin was, and followed a cross-road back to the cabin road.

And at this cross-road all the trouble began. Harriet's shoelace had come untied and Dolly waited for her, so they got a little behind the rest of the pack of hounds. At the crossroad Jack Thompson was waiting for them.

"Want to catch those hares?" he asked. "Well, then, you take my tip and cut through Mr. Morris's wood lot. They'll go down the

road and turn back to the cabin. This wood path is a straight line to the cabin, and the hares will have to go way roundabout."

"Is there a good path all the way?" panted Dolly.

"Sure!" cried Jack. "Come on!" Through the bars he scrambled and after him, slowly because girls' skirts do catch so, scrambled Harriet and Dolly.

By the time they began running down the path, Jack, the fast runner, was out of sight. Which wasn't strange either, since all he did was to run a little way and then slip back to the road on a side path behind some spruces, and stand at the bar, yelling, "April Fool! April Fool." But those two girls, down alongside the roaring, snow-swollen brook, didn't hear him. On they went, and Jack, feeling just a little mean, trotted on down the road after the other hounds. Because he felt mean, he didn't mention what had happened to Harriet and Dolly. They'd be all right; he was quite sure of that.



Nobody could miss that plain path to the cabin.

The hares didn't go straight to the cabin. They went downhill past Harriet's, and her mother let them run through the house and the shed and the barn. This put the hounds off the scent for so long that the hares reached the cabin, which was their burrow, in safety long before the hounds. Senda Smith's big sister and Jack Thompson's big brother started the children home without realizing Harriet and Dolly had not come back with the others.

Dick was so excited at winning the chase that he didn't miss Dolly either. But just as he opened the door at home, he remembered her, and he stood stock-still on the threshold and thought.

"She didn't come back!" he decided. "She wasn't there after I'd won. If she had been, she'd have said she was glad I won."

Dick marched straight in and told Mother: "Dolly's lost," and explained all he knew, which was little enough. Mother, looking very sober, asked Dick just where they had been, and what children were at the party. She scribbled the names down as he mentioned them, and then went to the telephone. First, she telephoned to Harriet's house. Harriet was gone, too—she hadn't come home when the others passed on their way down to the Corners. And her mother was sure, now she thought of it, that Harriet and Dolly weren't with the hounds when they ran through her house after the hares. Mother telephoned Polish Marie's and Andy's and Senda Smith's and Gus Swanson's. Nobody knew anything about the two girls. Then, while she went to find Father, Dick telephoned to Jack Thompson. Jack's voice came back over the wire, scared and trembling.

"They must be lost in Morris's big woods," he said. "I fooled them into going 'cross lots that way. I'll ask my father and Tom to start right up there with me—right to the bars where the girls went in. I—I'm awfully sorry, Dick."

It was just growing dark. It wasn't cold, and the snow, except a few old drifts, was gone. If only the Big Woods weren't so big! If only, at one

corner, they didn't join on to the forests that covered Mendon mountain! But if the woods were big, there were a lot of fathers ready to hunt through them, and the bad corner was a long, long way from the bars where the girls had gone in. Mother and Dick, having hurried Father off, sat close together, waiting.

"Thinking may be as much fun as jumping," said poor Dick, looking up at mother wistfully, "but waiting is certainly worse than sitting still."

"Then let us think—" began Mother, when there was a knock on the door. It was Jack Thompson.

"My father said hunting in the dark in the woods is a job for grown men, and he sent me home," explained Jack forlornly. "I stopped to say I'm awfully sorry." Jack gulped hard. "I forgot how little they are. There's really a good path to the other road."

Mother patted Jack's arm comfortingly. "We were just going to talk about that," she said. "We were going to think what fun it will be to mark that path, so all the little children can safely take it. There's a lot of

trailing arbutus in those woods, you know, and purple orchids, and beds of partridge berry. Couldn't your club have a trail-marking meeting, don't you think?"

"Of course, we could," said Dick.

"We'll mark it all right," said Jack, "if—if—"

"We might name it, too," said Mother quickly. "What would be a good name for that path?"

"We might call it—" began Dick, and stopped short. Somebody was stamping up the porch steps. Somebody was laughing! Dick ran and opened the door, and there stood Father and Dolly.

"Oh, Mommie, I'm found!" cried Dolly. "I didn't mean to get lost, but that path had hundreds and hundreds of little branches, and Harriet and I couldn't stay on it."

"I'm sorry, Dolly," said Jack. "I was April-fooling and—and—"

"We're going to mark the path, Dolly," put in Mother, "and name it."





THE JOLLY J'S.

BY HELENE NYCE

BEGINNING JOCK'S GREAT ADVENTURE.



Long time ago it was spring
And way off on a ridge
something Jock watched,
moved and moved.



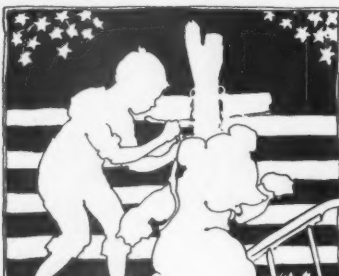
But Pa
was breaking up new
ground - & he told Johnny
to dig the garden - AND



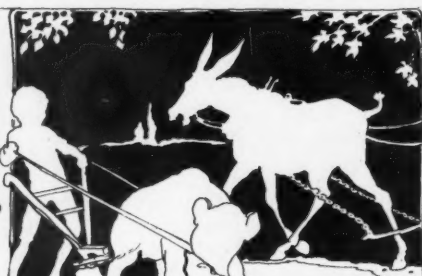
Digging looked SO
lonesome to Johnny
that HE



Just collared Jock - and
though the something
still moved on that far
away ridge, he -



Marched him to the
fence corner where
the light plow lay



& when Pa, & the old mule had
made a round of the tough new
ground, they found a rebellious
Jock: with the plow a' waiting



And they just
stood stood still - & laughed -
and the mule laughed loudest.



Then she drew
back suddenly and
planted a foot on
Jock - who was SO



Scared that he RAN
& RAN, until the old
woven fence caught
him - luckily for Johnny



THE ADVENTURE OF THE SEVEN KEYHOLES

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Grandpa Fairfax had willed a big brass key to Barbara—a big brass key to seven mysterious keyholes in the dilapidated Fairfax mansion on Pine Point. The most important of these was the seventh keyhole, according to the will, and his granddaughter must find them all herself. Barbara had a hard time evading Kit and Kat, the inquisitive Carroll twins, when she started on her search. She thought at first that she had succeeded, but just as she found the first keyhole and was about to open it, she turned and saw them hanging over one of the window ledges and grinning teasingly at her. When they finally left her, she turned the key and drew out a letter from Grandpa Fairfax. In this he explained that she would not fully understand the quest on which he had sent her until she reached the seventh keyhole. On her next visit to the old mansion, she found the second keyhole in her grandfather's old secretary desk. In this there was another letter, telling her that the old desk was not only a very valuable antique but had once been the property of the famous hero of the Revolution, General Greene. The third keyhole disclosed another valuable relic—an original sketch made by Eli Whitney of his famous invention, the cotton gin. Just as another search had revealed a fourth keyhole, the Carroll twins broke in on her again.

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded Up House," "Melissa-Across-the-Fence," "The Girl Next Door," "When a Cobbler Ruled a King," etc.

in such emergencies she was invariably called in to be her aunt's assistant,

and in this case, she knew that it might be a long while before she was allowed to return to her own devices.

And she was not mistaken. All that day went by without a single chance to get away, for even a few moments, to the old Fairfax mansion. The next was the same. And the day after was no better. A week went by and Mrs. Bentley's hand was still in bandages and Barbara had begun to feel pretty tired by the continuous round of dishwashing, preparing of vegetables and fruit and general utility service to which she had had to give herself. And not only did she feel tired, but her constantly baffled curiosity about the matter of the fourth keyhole was very distracting. She had almost determined to enlist the Carroll twins to assist her, giving them the key and directing them where to find the fourth keyhole, when something else happened.

Her aunt noticed that she was looking rather tired one afternoon and took compassion on her little niece.

"Land sakes, child!" Mrs. Bentley had exclaimed. "You look about tuckered out. It's too hot for you to be doing all this work in the kitchen and we have an easy supper to-night. I've kept you here too long, honey. You just run away and have a nice afternoon

PART V

IT WOULD be pleasant to be able to record that the remainder of Barbara's quest progressed as easily and successfully as the earlier portion, but such was not to be the case. To be exact, it seemed as if fate conspired to do everything to prevent the conclusion from ever arriving. And the Carroll twins, evidently in league with fate, contributed their share to the general catastrophe.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Bentley burned her hand while superintending getting breakfast for the boarding house. Barbara knew that this meant business for her, for

playing. My hand's a lot better, anyway, and after this I won't keep you so busy. You've been a good girl to help me. Run along now!" Needless to say, Barbara lost no time in taking advantage of this suggestion.

Rushing up to her room, she dove into the closet to find her sweater and get the key, before she ran on to the Fairfax house. But, singularly enough, when she put her hand into the pocket where she always kept it, there was no key to be found. Then she turned to the other pocket with no better result. Startled now and somewhat alarmed, she searched on the floor of the closet, the floor of her room and every drawer and box in which she kept her little belongings. In vain. The key had vanished and there was no trace of it to be found in her room.

This was a blow that was almost overwhelming. She could not understand it. She remembered distinctly putting the key in her pocket when she left the old house the last time, over a week ago. Since then she had not actually seen it, for the weather had been so warm that she had not had to wear her sweater and she had had no opportunity to make use of the key, so had left it, as she supposed, undisturbed in that pocket. Wherever could it be?

There could be only two explanations to that riddle. Either someone had taken it out of her pocket, or she had lost it somewhere between the two houses. Deciding that the latter explanation was the most likely, she

ran out and off to the path through the woods that led to the Fairfax mansion. Every inch of the pine-needle carpeted path she searched, sure that the key would be lying somewhere in plain sight. No one used that path but herself as it led nowhere but to the old house, and there was no call for anyone else but herself to go there. She felt quite sure of that.

Arrived at the house without any success, she decided to search that, too, as it was just possible she had dropped the key before leaving it. But there was no sign of the key anywhere about and she hurried back to the Bentley house, determined now on other measures. The twins knew about that key. They had seen it several times in her hand and had even once questioned her about it. They must realize that it was connected with



her secret and had no doubt seen her place it in her pocket the day they came for her when she was last in the Fairfax place. That must then be the explanation. They had no doubt taken the key from her pocket to tease her and were only waiting for her to discover it was missing and "raise a breeze about it," as Kit would likely express it. Then they would sit back and watch the fun.

Yes, this was it, and there were the twins, crabbing as usual in the placid waters of the river near the shore. She fairly flew down the bank and faced them, short of breath and decidedly upset.

"Kit and Kat," she began severely, "I

have an idea that you took my old brass key out of my sweater pocket sometime this week while I was busy. Did you do that?"

Kit Carroll dropped his crab net and looked her guilelessly straight in the eye. "No, Barbara, we didn't take any key out of your pocket," he said in great indignation, "and I think you're awfully mean to say so. We don't do things like that."

Barbara stared at him in some surprise. She had been so positive that they were the guilty parties that his straightforward denial quite bowled her over, so to speak.

"Well, it's gone," she stammered, "and you and Kat were the only ones who knew where I kept it. I—I'm sorry if I made you feel bad by saying it. I thought you just did it to tease me and see me get mad." And she walked quickly away, ashamed of herself that she had suspected this innocent pair. She thought they looked after her rather curiously as she scrambled up the bank, but she did not feel like stopping for any more conversation. A terrible thing had happened. Her key, her precious key, that had been her only means of unlocking so many wonderful secrets was gone—hopelessly gone; and now she would never be able to discover the rest of Grandpa Fairfax's well-planned series of surprises. And he had said the last was the most important, too. Oh, what would she do? How would she ever recover from this dreadful disappointment? How *could* she?

But even in the midst of her distress, she was drawn as if by a magnet to the old house, and before she realized it, she found herself almost at the doorstep again.

"Well, I might as well go in," she thought. "I'll take one more look at that fourth key-hole and see if the key might be lying around somewhere or dropped in some place where I hadn't thought to look."

Accordingly she went straight to the tumble-down bookcase and began anew her search for the key. She even took out all the old books and laid them on the floor, in order that she might see if it had slipped back on the shelves behind them. But the shelves were bare of anything but dust, so she put the books all back and stood sorrowfully looking at the fourth key-hole, so tantalizingly staring at



her from the base of the bookcase.

Presently she became aware that her hands were very, very dirty and that she was obliged to stand holding them out in a very uncomfortable position, lest they come in contact with her clean afternoon dress. There was a pump out in the little kitchen that her grandfather had used, so she suddenly decided to go out there and wash her hands. She could at least *be* clean, even if she could *do* nothing. So she went to the little kitchen and began to work the pump that stood beside the iron sink. But the pump had long been out of use and gave forth nothing but a hollow sound when she worked its

(Continued on page 232)



THE BUNNIES' EASTER QUIZ

CHARACTERS

By FRANCES CAVANAH Softy and Fluffy. [*The little girl rabbits rise and curtsy.*] Swifty,

THE OLD WOMAN OF THE FOREST, a jolly old lady in long, full brown skirt, brown shawl and brown bonnet.

PROFESSOR HARE, who teaches the Bunny School. He wears a tightly fitting suit of brown fuzzy material and over this a swallow-tailed coat. He wears a tightly fitting cap of the same material, with long ears of stiff brown felt, lined with pale pink worsted. He has whiskers painted on his cheeks.

THE LITTLE BUNNY PUPILS, six of them in all—Wiggly, Hoppy and Swifty, the boys; and Primpy, Softy and Fluffy, the girls. These are not their sure-enough names, I suppose, but then, nicknames are so much nicer anyway. They wear cunning suits of woolly material—either brown or white, as you prefer—with shoes, mittens and tightly-fitting head covering attached. Their ears are not quite so long as Professor Hare's. For tails, fasten a fluffy bunch of cotton to the back of each suit. Then there are

THE VISITORS, six boys and girls like you—Hal, Jerry, Hugh, Mary, Josephine and Isabelle.

SCENE: The bunny schoolhouse. The bunny pupils are seated behind one long log that serves them for a desk. This is placed at an oblique angle, so that the bunnies will face the teacher's desk at extreme left, front. This desk is a stump, and on it are writing materials, a ruler and a small bell. Another log at the back of the stage accommodates the visitors. There is a door at the left and a window at either side of the log at the back. When the curtain goes up the bunnies, seated behind their log desk, are casting curious glances at the children who have just filed in. The Old Woman of the Forest stands by the teacher's desk.

OLD WOMAN: May I introduce Professor Hare? He attends the Woodland Normal College every summer and is very up-to-date on matters of bunny education. [*The professor bows very formally.*] And these are his pupils—Primpy,

Hoppy and Wiggly. [*The little boy rabbits rise and bow. The children look at each other and then they, too, bow.*]

JOSEPHINE: But would you mind telling us who you are?

JERRY: And why you brought us here?

OLD WOMAN (*holding up her hand for silence*): If you'll be quiet just a minute and sit down, I'll tell you everything. The Easter Rabbit cannot make his rounds this year. Last month he went for a visit to the Mad March Hare—no relation of the professor's, I assure you—and the March Wind was up to one of his pranks and refused to blow him back.

ISABELLE (*so disappointed*): Oh, won't we have any Easter eggs this year?

OLD WOMAN: Professor Hare's pupils have been busy making eggs, so that the Easter Rabbit would be well supplied when he *did* get back. Well, he hasn't come yet, and if you children are to have any eggs on Easter morning, it's high time someone be chosen to take his place.

MARY: Can't Professor Hare make the rounds this year?

OLD WOMAN: He's too busy, but one of his pupils can, and he wants you to help him select the one. That's why he asked that you visit his school to-day.

MARY (*as the other children applaud and cry "Oh, goody!"*)





Goody!" in their excitement.) Oh, won't that be fun?

PROFESSOR HARE (to the children): You will understand how important is your task when I inform you that the Bunny of your choice will not only deliver the eggs *this* Easter but will be the Easter Rabbit's assistant in the years to come.

HAL: Whew! Doesn't he use big words? [PROFESSOR HARE bows.]

OLD WOMAN (proudly): I told you he went to college every summer.

PROFESSOR HARE: Yes, and I solve a cross word puzzle every night. The quiz which I shall give to-day is to find out which pupil is best fitted for the part of Easter Rabbit. I shall test their knowledge of Easter, their skill in hiding eggs, and their swiftness in hopping and running. The last two are especially important because so much ground must be covered in a very brief period of time. [Turning to his pupils, he rings his bell.] Attention, please! [The BUNNIES, who have been whispering behind their paws, straighten up.] Now each of you in turn may tell me what Easter means. We'll begin with Swifty.

[He goes to the blackboard at extreme back, left, and writes the definitions as they are given.]

SWIFTY: Easter means awakened beauty.

HOPPY: Easter means awakened spring.

WIGGLY: Easter means that love's unfailing.

SOFTY (throwing out her paws in a joyous gesture): Easter makes the whole world sing.

PRIMPY: Easter is the end of sadness.

FLUFFY: Easter's joy and Easter's gladness!

PROFESSOR HARE (turning the blackboard around so the audience may see the definitions he has written): Very good, indeed! You have just heard Swifty say that Easter is awakened beauty.

Swifty, what is beauty? Where may it be found?

SWIFTY (rising to recite):

In the mist that comes at evening,
In a ray of the sun at noon,
In the twinkle of a baby star
And the gleam of a laughing moon.

[FLUFFY waves her paw.]

PROFESSOR HARE: Well, Fluffy, what do you think beauty is?

FLUFFY: Beauty is most everything,
But I think it's mostly spring.

PROFESSOR HARE: Both definitions are very fine. Now Fluffy told us that Easter is joy and gladness. Will each of you tell the visitors what you have done to bring Easter happiness to them? We'll begin again with Swifty.

SWIFTY: I begged the lily, please to wake.

HOPPY: I begged the robin, please to nest.

WIGGLY: I told the other birds to sing.

SOFTY: I told the sun to shine its best.

PRIMPY: I asked that gentle breezes blow.

FLUFFY: I asked the daffodils to grow.

PROFESSOR HARE (to the visitors): You see, my pupils have been busy. I think that you may count on spring being here by Easter morning. Now, Fluffy, tell me this. Where is the best place to hide Easter eggs?

FLUFFY (standing to recite): Beneath nice thick bushes, sir. [Several BUNNIES raise their paws.]

PROFESSOR HARE: Well, Hoppy, what have you to say?

HOPPY: I think it's better to put them in the corner of the porch or on the ground close to a tree.

PROFESSOR HARE: Softy!

SOFTY: Oh, there are so many funny places in the house to hide them—behind the davenport, on top the piano and in empty sugar bowls.



FAST EPPON AND EASTER HADNESS

PROFESSOR HARE: Wiggly, what have you to say?

WIGGLY: I wouldn't hide them in one place, sir. I'd make the children hunt in the house, in the bushes and behind the trees—all three. The harder they are to find, the better the eggs taste.

PROFESSOR HARE: Swiftly!

SWIFTY: I think, sir, it would all depend upon the weather—where I'd hide them.

PROFESSOR HARE: That was the policy the Easter Rabbit always followed. Now, we'll have our hopping lesson. One—two—three! [The BUNNIES turn in their seats at the first count, stand at the second, and start to march at the third. PROFESSOR HARE beats a tattoo on his desk with the ruler, and they march in time, lining up at the opposite side of the stage.]

PROFESSOR HARE: Now show our visitors how you would hop away if you were about to be caught filling an Easter nest. One—two—three, ready, go! [He beats time with his ruler as the BUNNIES hop across the stage and back again.] Enough! [To the visitors.] You see how difficult it is. All of them are such splendid hoppers. [To the BUNNIES.] Go to the oak tree and, when I give the signal, race back to the schoolhouse. [The BUNNIES file out.]

JOSEPHINE: Shall we go out too, Professor Hare?

PROFESSOR HARE: The ground is rather muddy, I am sorry to inform you. [With a flourish.] The windows will afford you a very splendid view. [The children rush to the two windows and PROFESSOR HARE goes to the door where he stands just outside.] Ready, there? [There is an answering "Yes" from the BUNNIES.] One—two—three—ready, GO!

[There are excited cries from the children of "Hurrah for Fluffy!" "Look at Swiftly, will you?" "I tell you, Hoppy's a fast runner!" "Hurry, there, Primpy!" and "That's fine, Softy."]

HAL: Why, what's the matter? They're all abreast.

HUGH: Why doesn't one of them beat the rest of them?

MARY: Why—why—

[PROFESSOR HARE comes in, shaking his head.]



OLD WOMAN (who has remained seated beside the desk): Well, who won?

PROFESSOR HARE: They all did—they reached the goal line the same instant. [To the visitors.] Well, you see how it is. All of them are so good that one simply cannot excel the others.

[The BUNNIES struggle in, very much out of breath, and take their seats.]

OLD WOMAN: Professor Hare, I guess you'll have to let the visitors choose the bunny they like best.

PROFESSOR HARE: A fine idea! [To the visitors again.] Well, whom do you vote for? Choose the bunny you like best.

[There are cries of "I want Swiftly!" "Primpy's the best!" "Fluffy's such a dear!" "Well, so is Softy!" "Hoppy's the best!" and "Oh, I like Wiggly!"]

PROFESSOR HARE (stopping up his ears—which is not a very easy thing to do): Now, we're worse off than when we started.

JERRY (holding up his hand): Oh, Professor Hare, may I say something? [The PROFESSOR nods.] You said, didn't you, how much work the Easter Rabbit had and how hard it was for just one bunny to do it all? [The PROFESSOR nods again.] I'm sure that we children would get much better service if you would let your six pupils divide the work among them.

PROFESSOR HARE: A brilliant idea! Let's applaud Jerry!

[He starts it, the children take it up, and the BUNNIES and the OLD WOMAN join in.]

PROFESSOR HARE: Now, my bunnies, we must tell our visitors good-bye!

[Each BUNNY takes a basket of Easter eggs in his paw, and they file out to the edge of the platform, facing the audience. They speak very slowly and distinctly.]

SWIFTY: Have

WIGGLY: Some

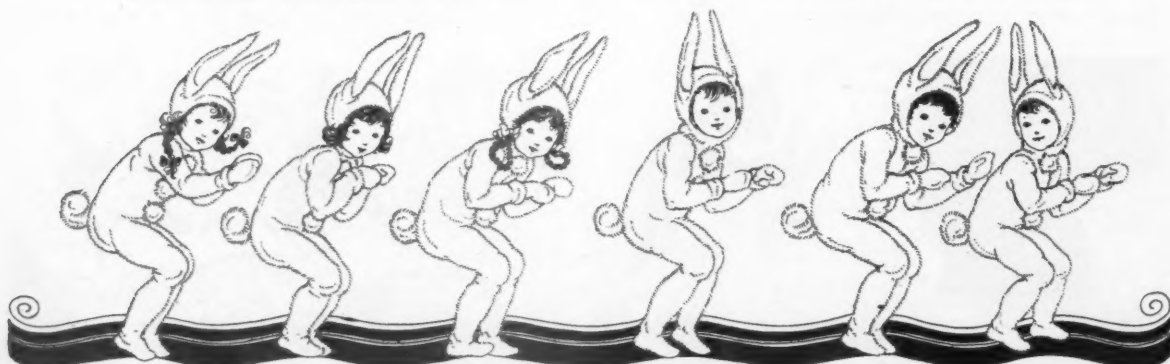
HOPPY: Easter

PRIMPY: Eggs,

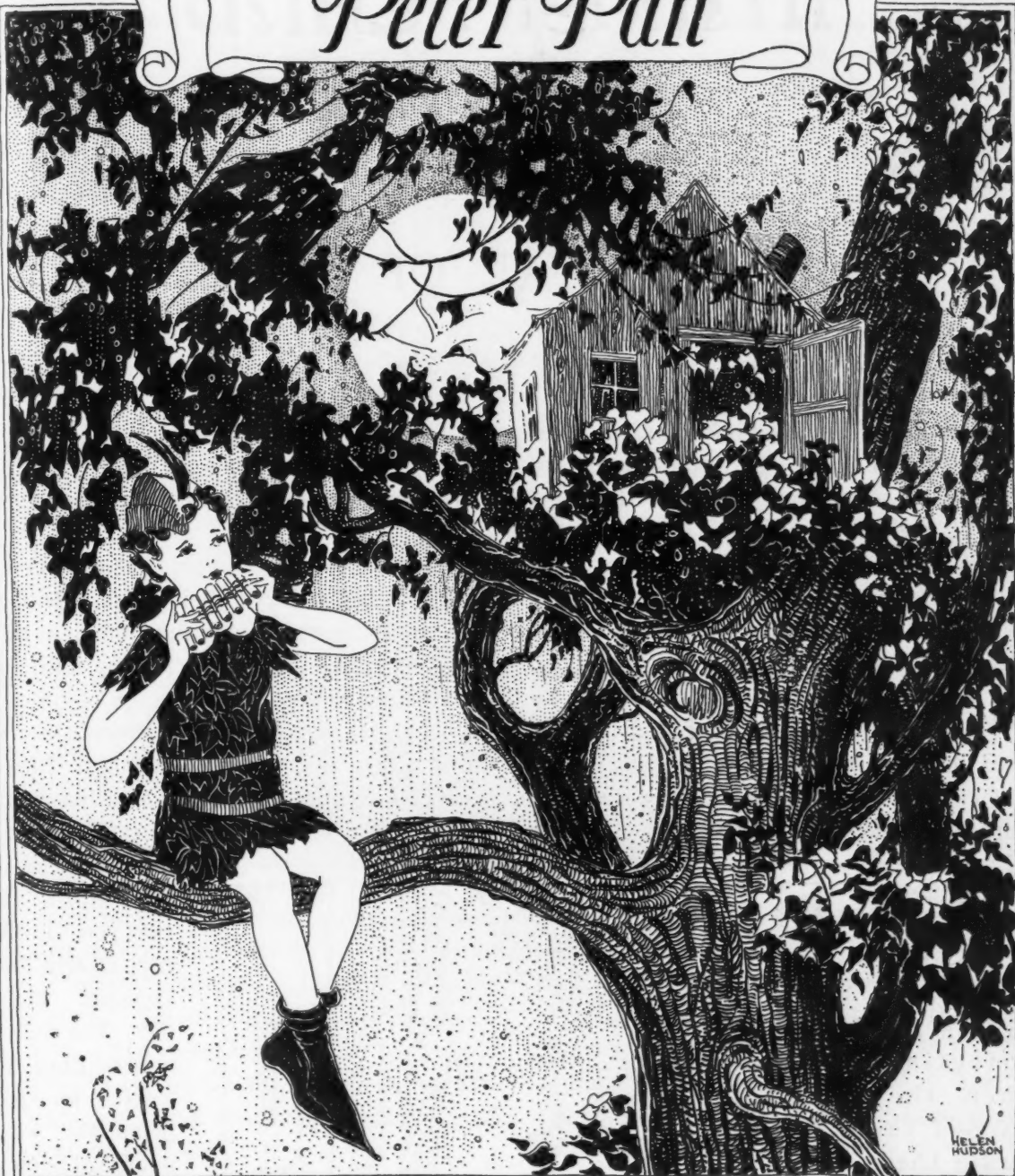
SOFTY: Won't

FLUFFLY: You?

[Each BUNNY takes a handful of tiny candy eggs wrapped in tinfoil and tosses them to the audience, and the curtain falls. What those of you, who are lucky enough to catch the eggs, will do with them—well, that is for you to say. But I think I know.]



Peter Pan



PUZZLE—FIND WENDY AND TINKER BELL

HELEN HUDSON

O SPRING is here, Wendy darling,
And it's time for a week full of fun;
You shall visit our house in the tree tops
And stay till the cleaning is done!"

Peter is talking to Wendy,
Concealed in the branches quite high,
And if you will look very sharply,
You'll see Tinker Bell flitting by.



THE FESTIVAL OF SPRING

THE fresh cool air of springtime was blowing gently through

the open door of Uncle Jerome's studio. The first flowers of spring were budding in the garden. In anticipation of Easter the children of the music club had given Uncle Jerome a pot of Easter lilies and he had placed them on the center table so everyone who entered his shop could see them. Uncle Jerome stood in the doorway, half speaking to himself.

"No wonder great musicians have composed music in honor of spring—the warm sunshine—the air—the flowers—everything seems to fill one with happiness."

The music club was late in arriving because the members, too, were enjoying the real springtime. When they reached the studio their cheeks were glowing.

"Welcome, little friends," called Uncle Jerome.

"And welcome, sweet springtime!"

By **GEORGE H. GARTLAN**

*Director of Public School Music
of New York City*

Lorraine called back.

"I know a song by that title," said Tommy.

"Sing it!" everyone insisted.

"In a clear, sweet voice Tommy started, 'Welcome, sweet springtime, we greet thee of yore.'"

"Just a moment!" called Uncle Jerome. "I know that melody. It is called 'Melody in F,' by Rubinstein." Seating himself at the piano, he played along with Tommy until all the children were singing in praise of spring.

"There are many beautiful musical themes about spring, but the most famous is 'Mendelssohn's Spring Song.' Lorraine has been practicing the piano part as a surprise for you,

and I shall play the violin so that you will all hear clearly the exquisite melody. The music was originally written for the piano and was published as one of the 'Songs without Words.' It is just that. It describes in music the lovely feeling we all have on a morning in spring. Come, Lorraine."



The tuning of the violin pleased Tommy. You remember he received one at Christmas, and he was practicing every day so that he might surprise the club. Then they started. The simple tune was charming. The little harp-like accompaniment, played by Lorraine, was sweet. During the music the gentle breeze brought the sweet fragrance of the garden flowers into the room. It was, indeed, spring.

"Another beautiful piano number is Grieg's 'To Spring.' Grieg was a Norwegian who lived in the cold country of the far north. The winters were very long, and when spring came everyone was so happy that he sang sweet songs about trees and flowers and beautiful meadows. Grieg wrote many of them himself. This number is for the piano. I have a real surprise for you—a new piano record played by a famous pianist." He placed the roll in the electric reproducing piano, and the great artist played as though inspired.

The wonderful thrill of the climax moved the music club to real applause. "Oh, every-

one should hear such beautiful music!" said Lorraine. "It makes us all so happy."

"I am glad to hear you say that because I have another wonderful record which has to do with the passion of the Saviour. Franz Liszt composed it. It is called 'Benediction of God in Solitude. Listen, I'll play it for you."



The music was not so easy for the children to understand as spring songs of Mendelssohn and Grieg, but it impressed them very much.

Then came a phonograph record of Faure's "The Palms." "This song," said Uncle Jerome, "is to describe the wonderful procession of Palm Sunday."

Following this came a choral from Bach's "Passion According to Saint Matthew." "All this music is religious because of the wonderful Easter time. When you go home to-night, sing the Easter hymns just as you sang your Christmas hymns, and then early on Easter morning all voices will join in 'Christ the Lord is risen, alleluia!'"

"And now, children, good-bye." And the happy group was soon on its way.

POCKETS

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

I KNOW where April is—
Over the hill
In a brown apron
Cuddled and still.

Earth has her pockets
Brimming with Spring,
And empties them out
When dicky-birds sing.

OUR CHILDREN AND MOTHER NATURE'S

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

MOTHER!" called a happy little voice from the front porch.

"Mother! He's come!"

There was a scurrying of feet, indicating hastily removed rubbers; a fumbling at the door knob, bespeaking great eagerness; hasty steps across the entry—and two bright-eyed children appeared in the living room doorway.

"He's here, Mother! Come and see!" they said.

Then, on noticing that their mother had a visitor, Ann added politely, "We didn't know you had a guest, Mother, dear. But anyway, you'd want to know. We just now saw him."

"And he's *too* cunning, Mother," said Jack excitedly. "You ought to see how he's hunting around in that mulberry tree. I 'spect he knows the berries aren't ripe yet, but he's hoping they'll hurry."

"Come and speak to me, Ann," interposed the visitor. "Tell me who is this wonderful person you want your mother to see."

"He isn't a *person*," explained Ann, as she went over to the visitor's chair and made her well-mannered little curtsy. "He's our cardinal. We haven't seen him since last fall—that's why we are so glad. We've been watching for him more than a week now—Mother and Jack and me, and he's just this minute come."

"He's prettier than ever, Mother," added Jack, who was so excited he could hardly be polite and wait till his sister had finished. "He has such a cunning way—don't you love cardinals?" His eager little face looked up expectantly at their visitor's, but to his surprise, he found not even a suggestion of response.

"A cardinal!" she said. "Why, that's only a bird, isn't it? Who in the world ever heard of getting so thrilled about a bird? I never noticed a cardinal—what do they look like?"

"What do they—?" Jack couldn't even finish the sentence. This was a new kind of person in his experience, and, bewildered, he turned to his mother. His father and mother both knew birds—they were the kind of father and mother who could tell a person anything he wished to know. They had told stories about birds' migrations and the paths of stars; about tree habits and what makes the grass green so suddenly in the springtime. To be sure, not even one's father and mother could know *everything*; but they always knew of some book or other where one could find answers to mysteries. And,

of course, they always had time to look up what a boy wanted to know. It was almost more fun looking things up together than knowing them beforehand. But the idea of a grown person not knowing a cardinal—he couldn't understand that.

"Haven't you any little girl who wants to know about birds?" asked Ann, instinctively seeking an explanation.

"Yes, I have two little girls," laughed the visitor, "but I'm much too busy with important things like sewing and housekeeping to bother about birds. I wonder that your mother can manage—especially now that baby sister has come."

The children's mother smiled at that.

"We *have* more or less given up our tramps through the woods, this winter and spring," she admitted, "for I cannot go far from home as yet. But it hasn't really mattered. We used to think we had to go away from home to study nature, but this year, we have learned amazing things right here in our own front yard. You see, the cardinal came to us, here, way from his southern home. We did not have to go to him.

"Won't you come and welcome him?" she added, and the visitor, half sheepishly following, found herself in the yard where a gay bit of song and fire, the first cardinal of the spring migration, was pointed out to her.

The chatter of the children showed her plainly that both of them, as well as their mother, knew a wealth of nature lore and took great pleasure in their interchange of ideas and observations.

"How did you ever come to bother with all that?" she asked her friend as they drifted back to the living room. "Haven't you enough else to do, looking after three children?"

"I have so *much* else to do," said the mother, "that I couldn't afford to miss the chance of nature study with my children. I was afraid I would become a mere 'providing machine' with no thoughts beyond three meals a day and a tidy house. And above all, I feared that my children would turn away from me for their interests. But I find that this nature study not only gets us all out-of-doors together, but it opens up a wealth of interesting reading we can share. There are scores of fascinating books we enjoy together. Oh, I never will be too busy for such things. There is always *some* time in every twenty-four hours for the things we really want to do."





Help! Extra help needed here!

Mother has a lot to do! Sometimes when everything happens at once she hardly knows whether she is "standing on her head or her heels".

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OUTDOOR SPORTS



TORNADO

THERE were no sad faces when Captain Miller announced that

it would take at least one day more to complete the repairs on the ship. "It was more of a job than I expected," he said, "and the chief engineer wants more time to get the engines tuned up."

"That's tough luck," sympathized Toppo, who had some appreciation of the added expense of each day's delay.

But Jack and Bert and Dip and even Andy, the captain's son, could not conceal the delight that this bit of news brought them. While they tried to look concerned and sympathetic, the thought of having another day on the wonderful tropical island where a real moving picture troupe was making a picture caused them to beam so brightly that Captain Miller had to growl, "If you kids ever grow up and own a ship I guess you won't be so tickled when storms drive her off her course and the engines jam. But," he added with a grin, "I guess kids will always be kids, so I think perhaps we will get some work done to-day if we get you from under foot. Get ready, for I'm going to set you on the beach."

This was certainly good news. Another day on the island, with a choice of several fascinating things to do, was an enchanting prospect. They could watch the filming of some of the scenes in "Black Ivory," or they could pal around with some of their new-made friends of the Super-Splendid Motion Picture Corporation, or they could hunt for turtle eggs and shells. In fact, the day offered a multitude of delightful opportunities for the fortunate play-fellows of Toppo, who had been invited with their teacher, Miss Frazer, to take an ocean voyage on the *Silver Bell*. It was their good luck that Mr. Rocky, the grandfather of Phyllis, was the president of the fleet of freighters of which the *Silver Bell* was one. The kindly old gentleman had planned this delightful adventure when the village schoolhouse had burned. So here they were, hundreds of miles

By EMMETT DUNN ANGELL

Author of "Play, A Book of Games," "Cage Ball Book,"
"Real Games for Real Kids," etc.

from home, having their school on the deck of a ship and with their much beloved

Toppo along to take care of them and to direct them in games, of which he seemed to have an inexhaustible supply. Leaving Haiti, a storm had driven them from their course and, when they sought the shelter of the little island, they found that in this out-of-the-way part of the world the motion picture people had found just the right location for photographing "Black Ivory."

In a few minutes the happy youngsters were on the beach and, with bathing in the beautifully clear water and watching the film stars in some of their scenes, the morning was soon gone. The picnic lunch tasted good, but was hardly finished when Mary Emily and Carol raced off to investigate a path that led into the jungle from a point a few hundred feet down the beach.

"Say, where did those kids go?" inquired Fatty Wheeler, as best he could with a mouth full of cake. "I guess I better get 'em."

Full of responsibility for the two youngsters, he trotted down toward the path where the girls had disappeared. As he reached the edge of the jungle he heard a scream, and then all was silent. With heart beating fast, but with spirit undaunted, he raced as fast as his short chubby legs would permit in the direction of the sound that he had heard. Puffing like an overheated boiler but clutching the two hunks of cake, snatched up as he started after the girls, he came to an open glade where a sight met his amazed eyes that held him as though cemented in his tracks. Mary Emily and Carol, pale with fear, were standing huddled together with their backs against a palm tree. Directly opposite them and on the edge of the jungle was a great ape, his long arms separating the foliage and his teeth showing in hideous grimaces. Fatty Wheeler paused. He had never been a hero. He couldn't run as fast as the other boys, and even girls of his

own age could outrace him. He thought of the bright sunshine and the happy crowd back on the beach. He thought of his home back in Ben's Grove and of his mother and his little baby sister. But you can never know of what stuff a hero is made. Brave hearts often beat under generous rolls of fat and Fatty Wheeler, with many queer crinkly thrills running up and down his spine, walked sturdily over to the two frightened girls and stood between them and the ape. As he faced the beast he whispered huskily, "Beat it. Then I'll come."

Then, paying no more attention to the two little girls, he glared at the hairy ape—for hadn't he read somewhere that if you looked a wild animal in the eye it would not attack? This theory sounded great when he had discussed those stories with his own gang and they had planned what they would do if ever compelled to face a lion or bear. But he couldn't remember if the same stunt worked with an ape—or—was this a gorilla? But there was nothing else to be done, so he looked fiercely and steadily at the ape.

The ape took a step in the direction of the boy, —then with front feet dropped to the ground, it made a quick rush until it was a half dozen feet from the staring boy. Fatty was putting heart and soul into carrying out the only plan that he thought could save him, and he stared into the little red-eyes of the great beast with all the courage and power that he possessed. He was brave with his eyes, but his legs wanted to run away.

The ape edged closer and closer but Fatty remained motionless and then—with a whimper the great beast ran up to the small boy and with both paws took hold of Fatty's tightly clutched hand.

As Fatty looked down, the great ape whimpered and begged for the cake that the boy so tightly gripped. Fatty began to laugh, for he knew the language of the ape as any boy knows the language of a dog that begs for something to eat.

"He wants my cake, he wants my cake," he shouted as he opened his hand and gave the animal the dessert he had forgotten to eat as he rushed off

after the girls. Mary Emily and Carol had not moved. Fatty's order to "beat it" had gone unheeded and the two girls had remained in petrified wonder as they watched their young protector face and seemingly win the friendship of the strange animal.

With the ape busily devouring each little morsel of the cake, the children, led by Fatty, started down the path toward the beach. They went slowly for Fatty whispered that it would not be safe to seem frightened. But the ape wasn't going to be deserted, and came shuffling after and, before they emerged from the jungle, was begging for the other piece of cake. When Fatty gave it to him the grateful beast, with a very confiding air, took



hold of Fatty's hand and walked along with him very much as a small boy might accompany another whom he trusted. As the youngsters gained confidence and felt certain that there would be no savage attack, Fatty conceived the great idea of capturing the ape. "I'll keep hold of him and when we get to the ship, we'll keep him," he whispered excitedly.

As the three children came to the beach they found that the picture people had stopped for lunch. "Well, well, here's Blinky," laughed the director as the ape deserted the children and ran to him.

"You old beggar, what do you want? More sweet stuff, I bet."

"Why—why—isn't it wild?" stuttered Fatty.

"He's wild all right," chuckled Jerry Deacon, the director of the Super-Splendid Picture Corporation. "Blinky is wild for all good things to eat. Otherwise he is just a good little moving picture actor. We are using him in this picture."

"Oh," was all that Fatty could say and he felt a little embarrassed as he thought of the thrilling minutes in the jungle and all the fears of that trying time.

Blinky soon made friends with the other children and seemed as pleased as any of them when Toppo announced that as soon as the sun dropped too low for more picture taking, they were to all join on the sand for a beach supper and some of his games.

It was one of the jolliest parties that the children had ever attended. There were more than three hundred people in the picture company and, with the day's work done, they liked the relaxation of the loafing fun on the beach. As the sun sank and the great tropical moon, like

a spot light in a theater, lighted up the hard sand, they began to call out, as would a lot of college boys and girls, "We want games! WE WANT GAMES!"

And with that insistent demand Toppo *had* to make good. He had them arrange benches and chairs in a hollow square, so that there were two rows of people enclosing a space about thirty feet each way. Then he placed a big cage ball in the center. "Now," he said, "I'm going to show you a game that these youngsters have never seen. I call it *Tornado* and each one of the teams represents a wind. The East Wind is facing the West and the South Wind is facing the North. Each team will

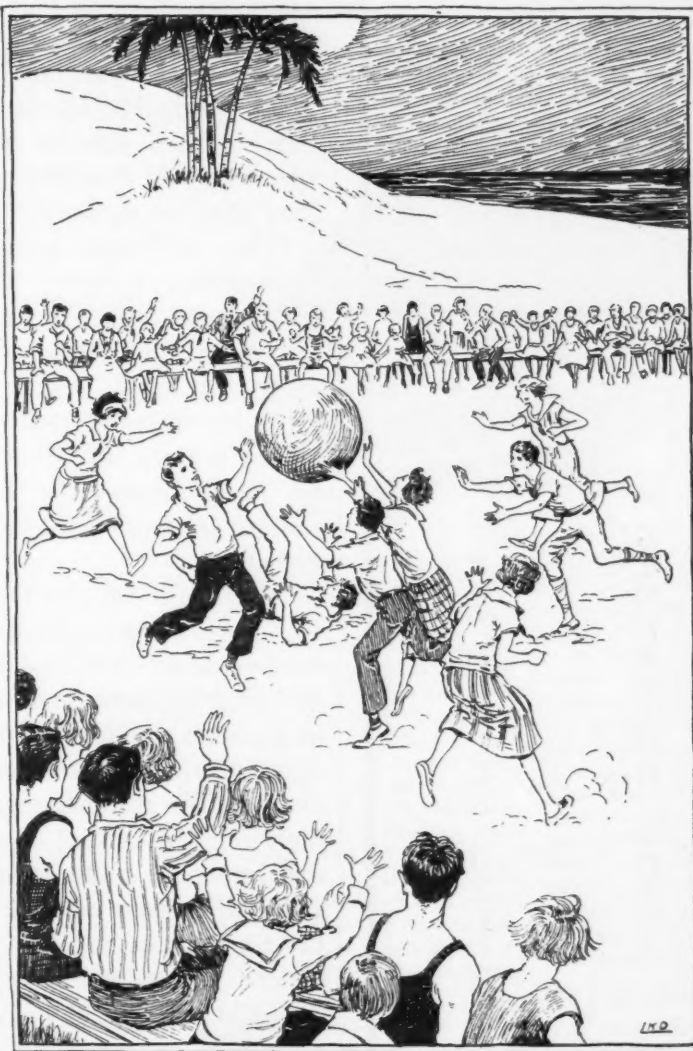
send two players out to the center. That makes eight players in the center. When I say 'get ready' these eight players will put their hands under the cage ball, and when I say 'go,' they will raise it up and the game is on. The object is to bat or punch the ball so that it goes out of the square. Each side of the square is a goal defended by the players sitting there and the two 'punchers' sent

out to battle for them in the center space. Whenever a score is made three teams get a point apiece. For example, if the ball goes out over the East Wind Team, the West, North and South each get a point. When any one team gets ten points the game is won."

Each team sent out two "punchers" and the game was on. Toppo had to stop it several times to insist that those occupying the benches remain seated, for it was a rule that the players in the center were the only ones permitted to be on their feet. Of course, the seated players were expected to bat or punch the ball if their goal was threatened, but they had to remain seated while doing it. The

South Wind was the first team to be scored on, and as soon as the other three teams were credited with a point each, Toppo explained the next phase of the game. The eight players who had been out in the hollow square were sent to take seats with their teams and two new players from each team came out to be "punchers." Toppo arranged it so that the youngsters were evenly divided among the teams and so that grown-ups would play in the space against grown-ups and children against children. This was safer, he explained.

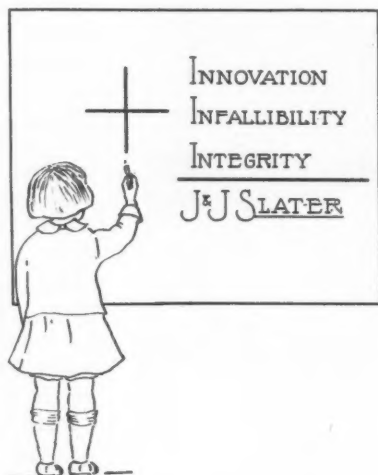
They had a hilarious time in the moonlight playing *Tornado*—these youngsters from a small town and



(Continued on page 236)

LESSONS IN LEATHER

THE THREE I's



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A NEW CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT IS LOCATED AT
15 EAST 57th STREET

J & J SLATER
415 Fifth Avenue
15 East 57th Street

SWIFTWING'S EASTER STORY

(Continued from page 203)

flowers in that country! There are orchids of such strange shapes and lovely colors, and they say that every orchid has some butterfly or moth partner to carry its pollen for it. There are blossoms of every color in those trees and shrubs, and big butterflies of shimmering green and blue flit around them. There's something queer about these butterflies. I tried chasing one now and then, when it would disappear just as if it had the fairy cloak of darkness."

"How did that happen?" asked Peter breathlessly.

"The under sides of the wings are mottled brown and grey," explained his uncle, "and so the butterfly, when chased, alights and closes its wings and looks like a big dead leaf on the branch; and the bird, having its eye on the bright colors of the upper surface of the wings, suddenly loses sight of it altogether.

"And now," says Swiftwing, "I have never seen flowers more beautiful than those humming birds are—red, yellow and blue, shining like precious stones, and many of them with long graceful tail feathers more curled up than mine and therefore not quite so nice, *I* think! Only a little distance away, as the swallow flies, from this land of flowers and butterflies, and humming birds, there are great mountains with snow-covered peaks, and great deserts that are dry and brown for want of water. But we did not go there. Then one day in March, while I was chasing mosquitoes over the big water lily pads, I suddenly thought of the barn and the meadow brook and I said to myself, 'I shall have to hurry to get back to celebrate Easter with Peter and Phoebe!' Soon I found that a lot of other swallows felt homesick for the Northland, and so we started on the long journey and here we are—on Easter Day!"

"Oh, my!" said Phoebe. "I wish I could have gone with Swiftwing!"

"I am going there sometime in an aeroplane," said Peter grandly.

Look well to their diet while they are growing

Guard your children against the dangers of malnutrition at this vital formative age.

"THE GROWING AGE"—those wonderful years from 2 to 15—is also an age of danger. For it is during this critical, formative period that children are most apt to fall prey to malnutrition.

Malnutrition is no longer a vague, half-understood term. Mothers today know only too well that it means lowered vitality, susceptibility to disease (especially tuberculosis), stunted growth, dulled mentality—everything, in fact, that can ruin a child's chances for happiness and success.

Protect your children against this prevalent evil now, during the vital growing age.

Watch for symptoms of malnutrition—especially *underweight*, the first danger signal.

Learn how to prevent or overcome this condition—right at home—with regular health habits and, most important, a *correct diet*.

EAGLE BRAND

A Basic Health Food

The most important single item in the diet of growing children is *Milk*—declared by doctors to be a child's perfect food. Given in the form of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, this food has even greater value.

For Eagle Brand contains all the body-building, health-promoting qualities of pure country milk—plus the rich store of energy which sugar supplies. This milk and sugar are combined in a way that makes Eagle Brand exceptionally digestible—and at the same time stimulating to growth.

Recent scientific experiments of a most exacting nature—carried on in the Catonsville Orphanage, Baltimore, Md.—prove that children who have regular daily feedings of Eagle Brand as part of their diet improve remarkably in weight, appearance and general health. This milk

produced results equal in every way to those of whole (certified) milk.

Serve it in some form every day

Give your child a feeding of this basic health food every day in one of the following ways: As a drink—diluted in the proportion of 2 tablespoonfuls to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of cold water. As a spread on bread or crackers. (Have the child drink more water in this case.) Poured over cereal or fruit (such as prunes). Made up into simple dishes—custards, egg nogs, etc. Wherever possible, give this daily ration *between meals* in order not to spoil the child's appetite for his regular food. It is a supplement to his regular diet which should in-

clude plenty of milk, vegetables, fruit (both fresh and dried), cereals, eggs, a sparing amount of meat, and a minimum of sweets.

In addition, emphasize in your health program such important habits as plenty of sleep, lots of fresh air, frequent baths, outdoor exercise, regular bowel movements, a generous amount of water to drink. These essential measures, together with a proper diet, are of the utmost importance in helping Eagle Brand to build your child's health quickly and effectively.

Start this wise health program now—and insure your children against malnutrition.

3 Little Books will guide you

For more detailed information on the whole subject of child health, you'll find the famous set of 3 Little Books invaluable. Every mother needs this authoritative, usable guide in bringing up her children. Send for your set today. The Borden Company, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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Please send me my free set of the 3 Little Books.

Name

Address



Good sports—leaders in school and play—these are healthy children



"Oh, Doctor— will she get well?"

The Doctor smiled, as Doctors do. "It's all right, Mrs. Smith," he said. "There's nothing much the matter with her. Just a little stomach trouble. What have you been feeding her?"

"Well," answered Mrs. Smith, a little bit ashamed—"I gave her some coffee this morning. Do you think that did it?"

"Of course that's what did it," replied the Doctor, somewhat crossly. "You mustn't give coffee to children. It's bad for them. If you want to give her something good, give her Postum, like I drink. You can make it with milk, and you know how good milk is for you."

"But she doesn't like milk," said Mrs. Smith.

"That's all right," answered the Doctor. "Neither do I. But with Postum in it you can't taste the milk. It's easy to make and certainly is good. I drink Postum all the time."

The Doctor knew what he was talking about. Coffee is bad for you. But Postum is the finest drink you ever tasted. You ask your mother to get some for you. You'll certainly like it.

MOTHERS! You know how much your children like to have a hot drink like the grown-ups. Naturally, you don't want to give them coffee. But you can give your children all the Postum they want. Postum is a healthful drink, made of whole wheat and bran, and a little sweetening.

Healthy children love Postum made with milk. You know many of them do not get the milk they need, because they do not like its flavor. Make Instant Postum for them, with hot (not boiled) milk, instead of water. It has the wholesomeness of a warm drink, all the nourishment of milk and Postum, and the real goodness of Postum flavor. And it is so easily made—right in the cup. Postum costs much less per cup, too. Incidentally, as you know coffee is bad for the children, don't you think it might be well to stop it yourself!

We'd like to have you try Postum for thirty days, to test it fully. You can get it at your grocer's, or we'll send you your first week's supply, free. In the interest of your children's health and your own, send the coupon in now.

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I would like to try Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of
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45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

THE ADVENTURES OF THE SEVEN KEYHOLES

(Continued from page 217)

creeky handle. The pump seemed absolutely dry.

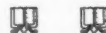
Barbara, however, was a resourceful little girl and had met this same crisis before, or at least had seen her grandpa meet it. She remembered that when the pump got in this condition it had to be "primed"—or, in other words, have some water poured down through it from the top, someone working the handle at the same time. In this way the water far down below would be started again. A glance out the window showed that the rain barrel was partly full, so she could use this for priming. But she would have to get a pitcher from the closet and dip it out in that.

She went to the door of the kitchen closet which was closed and fastened only by a latch. Usually she had no trouble with this latch but now it stuck in a peculiar way. On examining it, she thought it must have been bent a little causing it to stick tightly.

"Well," she cried, standing and staring at it in surprise, "whatever did Grandpa do to this to make it stick so?" Her eyes roved about, as she tried to think of some means of moving the obstinate thing, when she uttered a little shout and bent to examine the woodwork in the wall right near it.

For just on the left hand side, not half a foot away from the side of the door, on the level with the latch, was a diamond-shaped brass plate with a keyhole in it and the tiny figure "5" pasted alongside.

(Part VI of "The Adventure of the Seven Keyholes" will appear in the May number of CHILD LIFE)



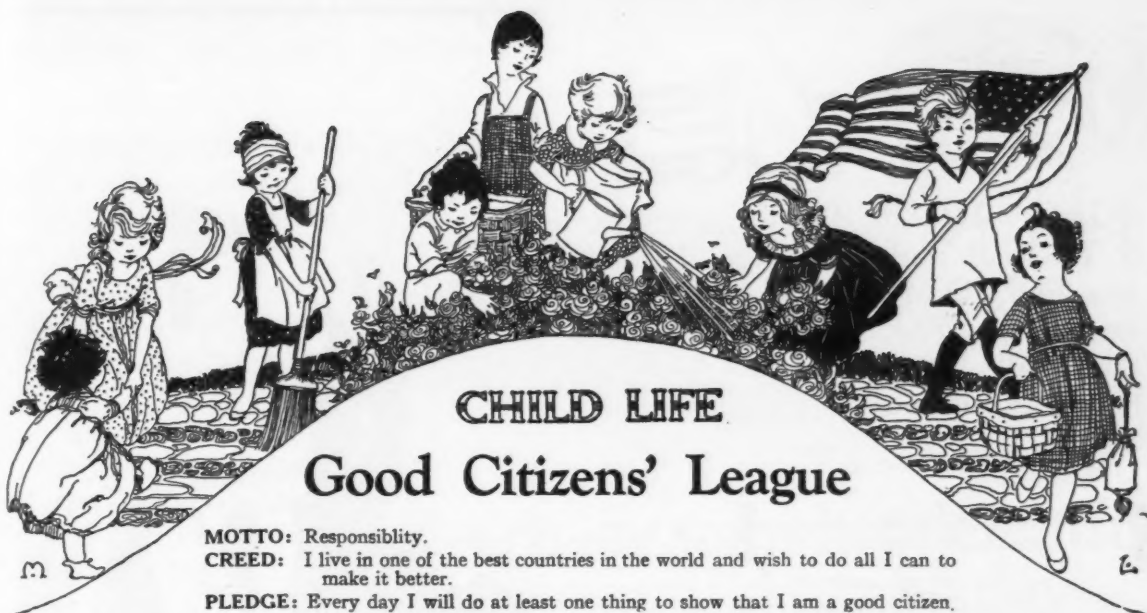
THE APRIL PATH

(Continued from page 213)

"Better name it the April path," said Jack, "so every boy will be careful about April-fooling."

Father lettered a pretty sign: The April Path. Some of the other fathers showed the boys how to cut blazes on the trees along the path and paint them white, so they'd show plainly. Last of all, Dick, who had forgotten to take care of Dolly, and Jack, who had played the careless joke, made some arrows of spruce tips and laid one on a stone cairn, wherever a side path wandered off the main one.

"We were frightened when we got lost," said Dolly. "We cried—a little. But now we're glad we got lost, 'cause we love the April path so."



CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

Civic Beauty

"Hurrah," said David, as the other members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League, filed into the club room with Miss Bradley, their counselor. "There's to be a contest and flags will be given as prizes."

"What kind of a contest?" the others wanted to know.

"It's a surprise," Miss Bradley told them, "but I see that David has already found out. April is Civic Beauty month, and the CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League is offering a flag as a prize to the branch league that does the best clean-up work for its community. There is another flag for the individual member who writes the best essay on the clean-up work that he does or helps to do. Then, besides, there will be a large flag set for the winning branch league, to present to its school, and another large flag for the school of the winning member."

"Now you know why I said 'Hurrah!'" beamed David. "If we put on a very good clean-up campaign, then perhaps our branch will win a flag. Every one of us can write an essay about our own particular work, too. Perhaps one of us will win the individual member prize, too."

"But just what sort of thing do you do during Civic Beauty month?" Elizabeth asked Miss Bradley.

"Why, clean up the town," Miss Bradley answered, "and then proceed to make it beautiful. During the first week, let's give our attention to cleaning our own houses and

the fourth week, we'll plant our gardens and put out porch boxes for flowers at home and at school. On Arbor Day we'll have a program and plant a tree. We'll manage to keep busy," she finished with a smile.

"Busy as bees," said Miriam and Bill. "When we get through with it, this old town won't know itself."

And it didn't. But the whole town *did* know about the work of the Good Citizens' League and was grateful.

Civic Beauty Contest

A small, silk flag (size 24x36 inches) will be awarded for the best essay written by a member of the Good Citizens' League on the work he has done or has helped to do in beautifying his home, his school or his community. Another silk flag is waiting for the branch league that does the best clean-up work in April. Besides these silk flags, larger flag sets will be presented to the school of the winner in the individual membership contest, and the school of the winning branch league. The individual member of a branch may compete in the contest, even though his branch league is trying also.

Make your reports as brief as possible, but be sure to tell us of all the work you have done. Your paper must be indorsed by your teacher, counselor, mother or grown-up friend.

Message from

WILSON L. GILL

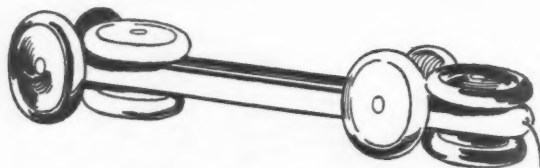
Inventor of the School Republic and President of the American Patriotic League

THE School Republic method is founded upon principles which have been known through the ages, and for the most part it is constructed of practices which are not new. That which is new and constitutes an invention is mostly a combination of old principles and practices to meet and utilize present conditions in civilization, in other countries as well as in our own.

For instance, Jesus taught that the purity and straightforwardness, faith, hope, and love of child nature were needed in adult life. Since we know that at an early age these features begin to warp out of shape, we may reasonably assume that he knew that we ought to enable the child to preserve and develop those elements of child nature, rather than have the child leave them behind, in the hope that later he will return to them and again, "become as a little child." This latter procedure is not impossible, though so nearly so that comparatively few ever accomplish it. If this work of saving these desirable features is to be done on a large scale, both practically and effectually, we must begin with little children, at the earliest stage in which they come into the schools.

The most, if not all the elements of my system of moral and civic training, which also involves industrial training, were known and preached in former times. "Do good to others, whatever they do to you," which expresses the principle on which the School Republic depends, has been the ideal rule of life of not only Jews and Christians, but of Buddhists and others. Right citizenship is only part, but a necessary part, of a right life, and a right government must depend upon a right citizenship. The distinctive features of early child life, which most persons soon lose, are necessary elements of right adult life. It is economical of force to systematically preserve and develop these elements in all persons, and to use the organized energy of children for the well-being of the community and for the universal peace.

yards; during the second week, we'll see what needs to be done on the school grounds and in the building; the third week we'll clean up the vacant lots and alleys; during



JOLLY JUMP ROPE
TINKER and a brand
 new **FOLLO-ME** are two
 springtime Tinker Toys
 that will keep children
 happy out-of-doors.

*Send for our jingle folder. It shows
 a colored picture of every Tinker Toy.*



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 EVANSTON, ILLINOIS



CARELESS CREATURES' COLUMN



WILLIE WOLF

HELEN COWLES LeCRON

WILLIE WOLF *will* gulp
 his food,
 Though his mother calls him
 rude,
 Though his brother hides his
 eyes,
 And his sister almost cries.
 ('Course she knows that cry-
 ing's silly,
 But she's so ashamed of
 Willie!)
 Oh, the dreadful bites he
 takes
 When he's eating pies and
 cakes!
 I should hate to have to see
 him,
 But I'd hate far worse to *be*
 him!

DIZZY LIZZIE IN CRACKO-CRAZENIA

(Continued from page 209)

cornered chimney and the overhanging eaves to the low roof.

"Having the roof so low at the eaves makes it snugger against the March winds," the Professor explained.

They thanked him for his kind help, and presently he took leave of them and proceeded to the next lot where, to their great astonishment, they saw him start climbing a tree by the aid of a string ladder.

"What on earth is he doing that for?" asked Aggripina.

But the mystery was explained when they looked up to the very top of the tree and saw there a bird house (also made of the useful Potatotex). On the back platform of this a tiny little woman, evidently Mrs. Foozle, was emptying the garbage. The wind carried it over, as it fell, into Marie Louise's property next door. But, as it consisted of only one nutshell, it did not seem worth complaining about. Truly the Professor had brought life down to a very simple level!

In CHILD LIFE next month Dizzy Lizzie and her friends make a startling discovery about the sweet Potatotex home. But the pig and cow come to their rescue. Then begins Dizzy Lizzie's thrilling adventure with Professor Foozle and the cat.



THE JITNEY RUNS TO GENOA

LEROY F. JACKSON

THE jitney runs to Genoa
The river runs to Rome,
Father runs the government
And I'll run home.



Beech-Nut joins in celebrating the new child health day

-May Day has been dedicated by the American Child Health Association to the ideal of conserving child health

LAST May Day was a new May Day and we are now awaiting its anniversary—a May Day that is set apart by right-thinking people to call serious attention to life's duty, the safeguarding of our children.

In a country like this America of ours, no child should be permitted to be harmed by any hygienic lack in places he lives in or frequents; no child should be permitted to suffer from any sanitary lack in the preparation of the foods he eats; no child should be permitted to be undernourished.

The ideal of the American Child Health Association is to keep everyone on guard for unhealthy conditions and to remedy such conditions when they are found.

Beech-Nut foods are pure and wholesome

FOR many years now, the Beech-Nut people have offered to the children of America foods that are truly pure and wholesome. Mothers have learned that Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is a blend of selected peanuts, slightly salted, and ground fine to be easily digested. A valuable food for growing boys and girls, as dieticians will testify.

The children, themselves, have learned

that there is nothing that pleases them more or satisfies the young hunger so completely as Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, spread thick on slices of good bread. They like it at meals, between meals, and in school, if they take their lunches.

Beech-Nut Macaroni, Jellies, Candies

THEN there is Beech-Nut Macaroni, made from hard durum wheat that is high in gluten content—a building food. There are Beech-Nut Jams and Jellies that are pure fruit and pure sugar—wholesome foods. There are the Beech-Nut packaged candies with natural flavors—supplying energy and satisfying the craving for sweets.

And all these Beech-Nut children's foods are made in the country, in buildings filled with pure air and golden sunlight. Mothers who see the Beech-Nut plant at Canajoharie, N. Y., are assured of our care for the children's health and our sincere good wishes for the Child Health movement.

All grocers carry Beech-Nut Peanut Butter and other Beech-Nut foods. Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N. Y.



Dept. G-3
BEECH-NUT
PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Please send, without expense to me, Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen's Beech-Nut Book of menus, recipes and service information.

Name

Street

City and State

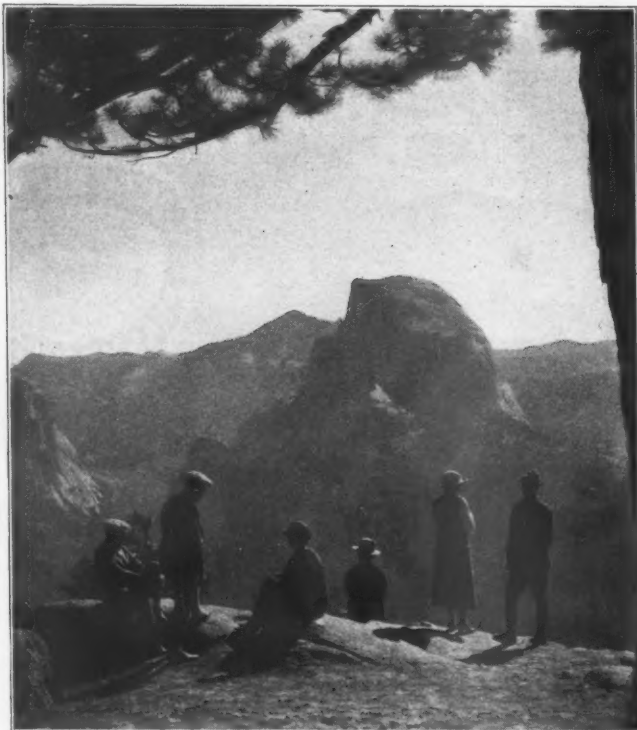
Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

"Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor"

Bacon
Peanut Butter
Macaroni • Spaghetti
Vermicelli
Macaroni Elbows
Macaroni Rings
Prepared Spaghetti
Pork and Beans
Catsup • Chili Sauce

Prepared Mustard
Jams and Jellies
Marmalades and
Preserves

CONFECTIONS
Mints • Caramels
Fruit Drops
Chewing Gum



**tell your daddy
you want to see
the National Parks
this summer —**

daily National Parks

Xcursions

this summer via the Santa Fe
for instance— Grand Canyon National Park and
the Navahopi motor trip into the

colorful Indian country—Yosemite and the Big
Trees—Yellowstone, Glacier, Rocky Mountain and
Mesa Verde National Parks—Rainier, Crater
Lake and Zion National Parks.



W J Black, Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines
1214 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois
Please send me Santa Fe picture-folders of trip to

and details as to cost

TORNADO

(Continued from page 229)

the movie actors from all parts of the country. As the children were rowed back to the ship they could hear the laughing crowd of happy-go-lucky actors on the beach, and by the time they had scrambled on to the ship's deck, many of their new friends were taking a moon-light swim in the lagoon.

Things had moved so fast that Fatty had almost forgotten his adventure with the ape, but now that the excitement of the day was over, the other children began teasing him about being fooled by a tame animal. Toppo listened for awhile and then joined the group. "Did you really think it was a wild ape?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Fatty, feeling a little foolish as the others giggled.

"Well, I'll tell you something," said Toppo seriously as he faced the youngsters, "any boy who has the courage to stand up to an animal that he *thinks dangerous* to save two of his friends is just as brave as if the animal were *really dangerous*. And an ape as big as Blinky could be very dangerous if he were not tame. You are all right, my boy."

"You bet he is," chorused Mary Emily and Carol, as Fatty Wheeler glowed more radiantly than the moon at this unexpected praise.



OUR PLAYMATE APRIL

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

DANCY, chancy April
With her fancy ways,
Lifts the latch upon our gate
And comes right in, and plays!

Dancy, chancy April!
She's such a winsome friend!
Oh, she quarrels, but always says
She's sorry, in the end!

We've eleven other playmates
Who bring more peace and rest;
But even with her naughty ways,
We all love April best!

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number XXI

By RUTH BRADFORD

(See page 241 for picture)

HELLO! How many bites can your teeth make in a single minute? I can take over 13,000 cuts with mine in exactly sixty seconds—so there! You see, my long upper front teeth are useful for grabbing roots and things, but my lower teeth are regular machine saws!

I'm only about the size of a fat clumsy little rat and my long claws and stout nose that I use for digging, as well as the food pouches I keep in my cheeks, may not be very beautiful, but they all come in handy to such a busy person as I am.

I may as well tell you that I spend a great deal of the time digging. I throw back great hills of dirt in our northwestern prairies and tunnel under the ground, twisting and turning in a way that farmers object to a great deal. They say that my tunnels harm their crops and so they go after me! What with carrying roots and bulbs in my cheek-pockets to store away in my winter pantry, and enlarging my burrow each year and keeping a sharp lookout for farmers and weasels and a certain kind of enemy snake and looking after the children—well, I have my claws full, I can tell you!

Now tell me my every day name and I'll tell you my scientific name—which is GEOMYS BURSARIUS—and one more thing. And that is that in one year I can dig over a mile of tunnels!



ACROBAT
DOUBLE WELT
SHOES

"KEEP children's feet as Nature made them"

FOR present comfort and future freedom from foot troubles have your children properly fitted with Acrobats! These "Nature Last" shoes help the feet to develop perfectly and in Acrobats you'll have shoes that

Wear Longer

By our patented Acrobat "Double Welt" process the uppers and soles are interlocked with triple-stitching, making the shoes rip-proof and practically water-tight.

Attractive Styles

for babies, boys, girls and young women. The name ACROBAT, stamped on the sole, is your guarantee of satisfaction.

Write for this Booklet

—it's not a catalog, but an interesting story of the causes of foot troubles and their prevention. Write us direct and we'll send this booklet and name of nearest Acrobat Dealer.

Shaft-Pierce Shoe Co.
532 3rd St. Faribault, Minn.

Specialists in childrens' good shoes since 1892

LONGER WEAR

ATTRACTIVE STYLES

RIP PROOF

PERFECT COMFORT

WATER TIGHT

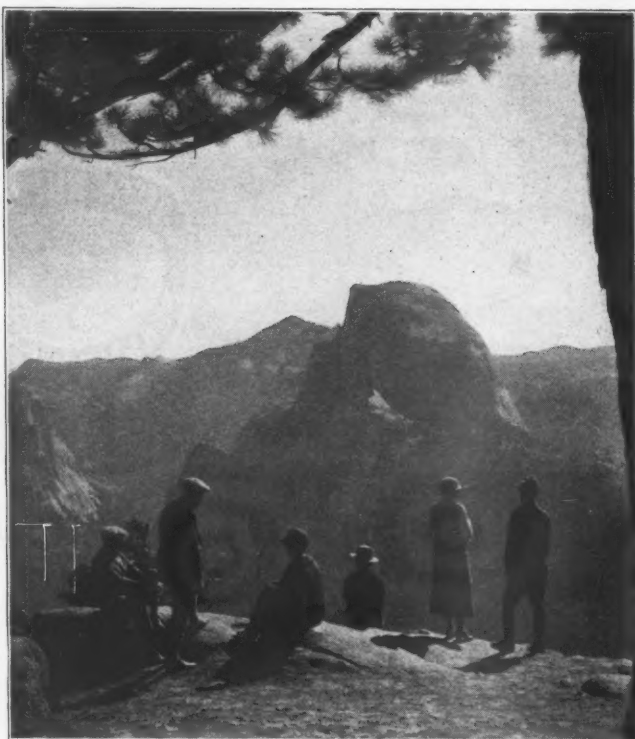
FLEXIBLE SOLE



Each pair of Acrobats (sizes 5 to 8) comes in an attractive carton, with extra parts to make this little playhouse for the youngsters.







**tell your daddy
you want to see
the National Parks
this summer —**

daily National Parks

Xcursions

*this summer via the Santa Fe
for instance—*

Grand Canyon National Park and
the Navahopi motor trip into the
colorful Indian country—Yosemite and the Big
Trees—Yellowstone, Glacier, Rocky Mountain and
Mesa Verde National Parks—Rainier, Crater
Lake and Zion National Parks.



W J Black, Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines
1214 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me Santa Fe picture-folders of trip to

and details as to cost

TORNADO

(Continued from page 229)

the movie actors from all parts of the country. As the children were rowed back to the ship they could hear the laughing crowd of happy-go-lucky actors on the beach, and by the time they had scrambled on to the ship's deck, many of their new friends were taking a moon-light swim in the lagoon.

Things had moved so fast that Fatty had almost forgotten his adventure with the ape, but now that the excitement of the day was over, the other children began teasing him about being fooled by a tame animal. Toppo listened for awhile and then joined the group. "Did you really think it was a wild ape?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Fatty, feeling a little foolish as the others giggled.

"Well, I'll tell you something," said Toppo seriously as he faced the youngsters, "any boy who has the courage to stand up to an animal that he *thinks dangerous* to save two of his friends is just as brave as if the animal were *really dangerous*. And an ape as big as Blinky could be very dangerous if he were not tame. You are all right, my boy."

"You bet he is," chorused Mary Emily and Carol, as Fatty Wheeler glowed more radiantly than the moon at this unexpected praise.



OUR PLAYMATE APRIL

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

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Lifts the latch upon our gate
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DOUBLE WELT

"KEEP children's feet as Nature made them"



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Wear Longer

By our patented Acrobat "Double Welt" process the uppers and soles are interlocked with triple-stitching, making the shoes rip-proof and practically water-tight.

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Each pair of Acrobats (sizes 5 to 8) comes in an attractive carton, with extra parts to make this little playhouse for the youngsters.





Shaft-Pierce Shoe Co.
532 3rd St. Faribault, Minn.

Specialists in children's good shoes since 1892



Which kind of milk?

MOTHER wants it safe.
The child wants it palatable.

For, the Runabout of 2 to 5 years must continue with its milk diet; and yet there must be no sulking, nor any danger from indigestion or disease.

Both mother and child find their requirements met in Nestlé's Milk Food—the food-drink which all children enjoy.

Milk at its purest, as a basis and prepared in the most digestible form—that is Nestlé's Milk Food; and it contains more nutrition than ordinary milk. Wheat malt, wheaten biscuit and cane sugar are added. The results—a high food value, an improved flavor, and increased digestibility.

Nestlé's supplies generous energy to the strenuous child... Serve a glass, hot or cold as preferred, at every meal and at the mid-morning lunch.

Nestlé's Milk Food

TRY IT
AT OUR EXPENSE

Mail us this coupon and we will send you FREE a 35c package of Nestlé's Milk Food with our 72 page Mother Book and Diet Suggestions for the Runabout.



NESTLÉ'S FOOD CO.
130 William St., New York

CL4

Please send FREE the 35c package of Nestlé's Milk Food, the Mother Book, and Diet Suggestions for the Runabout.

Name

Street

City.....State

My child is.....years old

WHO'S WHO IN CHILD LIFE

WHEN April climbs over the hill we are all eager to make friends with Mother Nature and her many children. Few people know them so well as ANNA BOTSFORD COMSTOCK, the great naturalist, whose "Handbook of Nature Study" opens up a fascinating world to children of all ages. This month, she tells you about Swiftwing the swallow's great flight in tropical lands before returning to us at Easter time.

Easter music, Easter bunnies and Easter flowers are all here to greet you in CHILD LIFE today. GEORGE H. GARTLAN, Director of Public School Music in New York City, tells you about the Easter music, and other interesting writers and artists introduce you to the others. The lovely firefly poem on the first page is by ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS, whose exquisite child poems are published in a book called "Under the Tree." LOUISE AYRES GARNETT, who wrote you that ducky little poem, "Pockets," is the author of "Three to Make Ready," a delightful collection of children's plays, "The Muffin Shop," and other attractive books. And isn't CHET LAW'S "Treasure Trail" jolly?

Of course you will all want to visit the CHILD LIFE Kitchen and cook the nice things CLARA INGRAM JUDSON so interestingly tells you about, and of course you can't help reading about Dolly's adventure on "The April Path," about Toppo and his friends on the desert island, about Barbara's latest predicament, in searching for the key as well as the keyhole, and about Dizzy Lizzie's amusing encounter with Professor Foozle and his wife. For the benefit of new readers we'll say that MARGARET WARDE is the author of the well-known Betty Wales books, DR. ANGELL is the famous Play Man, who is constantly inventing new games and teaching thousands of boys and girls how to play them, AUGUSTA SEAMAN is the author of many popular girls' books; and HUGH LOFTING, author of the Dr. Dolittle series, won the Newbery medal for the most distinguished recent book for children.

Next month Toppo and Dick and Dolly and Barbara and Dizzy Lizzie continue their adventures. Of course you will be eager to learn how Barbara rescues Kit and finds her key again, and you wouldn't miss Dizzy Lizzie's famous cat chase! Next month you will find both Music Land and Plays and Pageants featured in CHILD LIFE, with a most interesting music story and an attractive play for May Day, and a funny little HELEN WING poem about acting. "The Knights in the Ruby Window-pane," by MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN, also, will appear in the May CHILD LIFE. Perhaps you have already feasted upon MRS. MERRYMAN'S charming book, "Bonbon and Bonbonette," and have joined her group of CHILD LIFE friends. There are many other surprises for you in CHILD LIFE next month, including delightful lullabies by JOHN MARTIN and ROSE WALDO and—

But May will soon be here and you will discover these CHILD LIFE surprises for yourself!

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

(Continued from page 233)

In each branch league, one member should be chosen to write the report of its activities. The best letters received will be published, at least in part. Send all papers to Clean-up Contest, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill., in time to reach us by May 8. The winners will be notified as soon after the close of the contest as possible, and public announcement of the results will be made in the July issue of CHILD LIFE.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Further information regarding the organization of a School Republic, in connection with your Good Citizens' League, will be sent upon request.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

A Good Citizen—Civic Beauty

1. I helped clean a vacant lot.
2. I helped clean our alley.
3. I helped clean the attic, basement, or shed.
4. I picked up all the rubbish in the yard.
5. I cleaned the sidewalk.
6. I scrubbed the porches.
7. I washed the windows or the woodwork.
8. I scrubbed the floor.
9. I helped wash some of my own clothes.
10. I sold some old papers.
11. I mended the walk or fence.
12. I made a porch box for flowers.
13. I started a garden in a vacant lot.
14. I worked in the school garden.
15. I planted some grass seed.
16. I planted a tree.
17. I planted some vines.
18. I started a garden at home.
19. I put all the fruit peelings into the box.
20. I helped plant a tree on Arbor Day.
21. I put all the waste papers into the basket.
22. I helped clean the school yard.
23. I took part in a clean-up parade.
24. I erased some marks from the school building.
25. I cleaned my desk at school.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 250 points during twelve consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper, then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your April list of good deeds in time to reach us by May 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll.

Honor Roll for January

Ethelyn Albrecht	Thomas Ellison	Martin Justice	Louise Port
Jess Alkaco	Mary Ewasovich	Dorothy Kaula	Mike Rajkovich
Kenneth Allan	Kathryn Faulkner	Beatrice Kiebling	John Raymer
Robert Asworth	Harold M. Finley	Helen Kisel	Florence B. Roehs
Martha Baird	Norma Fladt	Katherine Kisel	Edith Roys
Ida C. Baker	Marian Flanagan	Clayton Klemstein	Evelyn Rubendall
Adolphus Ballantyne	Lauretta Flemming	John Krieger	Crystal Saxton
Bernice H. Baughman	Charence Flitter	Rose Krmpotic	Veva Saylers
Ralph Beighler	Eugene H. Frambach	Corene Lake	John Schenning
Donald Belding	Arlene Freese	Melvin Lake	Mary Schold
Catherine Binsel	Betty Galloway	Ramona Lee	Elaine Schuelke
Caroline Bird	Harold Gardner	Beverly Leiper	Stanley Shelnfeldt
Ethel Blood	Adele Garfield	Genevieve Lewis	George O. Simpson
Irva Blood	Viola Goetz	Florence Littell	George H. Smith
Charles D. Boyles	Katie Golich	Dorothy Longbrake	Clyde Spell
George B. Boyles	Elizabeth Grant	Clyde Mallory	Ruth Stewart
Elisa Boyles	Harold W. Grimes	Don Martin	Marie Streng
Clyde Briggs	Bessie Grubio	Katie Medak	Hazel Tarbutton
Jetta Carleton	Sophie Grubio	A. Louise Mehrling	Lloyd Taylor
Mary B. Cleaves	Beulah Haggerty	Mele Mirich	Clifton Tibby
Eileen Coder	Barbara Hall	Eleanor Morrow	Eva Trimmer
Mardell Coburn	Lawrence Hanson	Ellene Mosler	Helen Trimmer
Robert Collier	Lois Herbeck	Dorothy Mummert	Robert Techappat
Ole Coleson	Robert Collier	Gertrude Nett	Pauline Wall
Jean Crossman	Alice Holden	Gwendolyn Newell	Susan Whalen
Norman Dean	Clara Holder	Sigrid Oas	Hardy Wieting
Willis R. DeCombes	Ira Holland	Lamont Olsen	John Wilkins
George Delich	Arthur Holtendorf	Dorothy Oppelle	Sibyl Williamson
Virginia Dolbeare	Ruth Holtdorf	Walter R. Otto	Gladys C. Witmer
Jack Downs	Marian Holtsman	Glenn Pacey	Cory Wynhoff
Billy Duncan, Jr.	Jane Hoopes	Helen Parker	Rosella Zaine
Crystal Edwards	Todd Hoopes	Edith Peterson	Harvey Zippel
Ludlow Elliot	Helen Immel	Muriel Peterson	
	Robert Jones	Mary Pokony	

Best Original Activities for January

The following activities were awarded ten additional honor points:
I did the cooking twice a week while Mother was on her vacation.—Eleanor Morrow, Littleton, Colo.

I willingly took an extra paper besides our own for a newsboy who would have had to go out of his way to deliver it.—Harold M. Finley, McConnellsville, Ohio.

I wrote an editorial for our school newspaper, telling of the work the CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League did during Clean-up Month last April.—Genevieve Lewis, Oak Park, Ill.

I spent my candy money for a poor girl.—Louise Port, Wyndmere, N. D.

I got a merit badge from our club for telling things about the stars.—Hardy Wieting, Chicago, Ill.



Standard Wren House
\$1.00 Each
Delivered

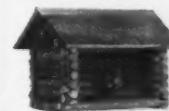
Build a House that Brings the Birds

In addition to the Standard Wren House many other bird houses can be made from Lincoln Logs to attract a pleasing colony of feathered friends.



Here is a bird house with a regular "front door."

Lincoln Log Bird Houses with log floors and sides have a rustic appearance.



Hung in trees or under the eaves, fastened to a wall or on a pergola, they add a decorative touch whether in small yards or spacious grounds.

This shelter has the wide side opening which the Robin demands.

One of the distinct pleasures of the Lincoln Log Bird Houses is the opportunity of building them yourself from the ready-notched and stained logs.



The birds are now choosing their summer homes. Decide at once on the items you wish, then

The "Bungalow" is a most popular lure for the bird lover.

Go to your dealer or send coupon to

John Lloyd Wright, Inc.
232 E. Erie St., Chicago

The houses shown above can be made from the LINCOLN LOG BIRD SET. \$3



Lincoln Playhouse

Large enough for the children to play in—so simple to build that they can have the fun of putting it up or taking it down unaided. No nails, everything notched to fit accurately together. Ideal indoors or out.

Delivered \$50

JOHN LLOYD WRIGHT, Inc., Room 144, 232 E. Erie St., Chicago

I enclose payment for items ordered below with understanding money will be refunded if not satisfactory:

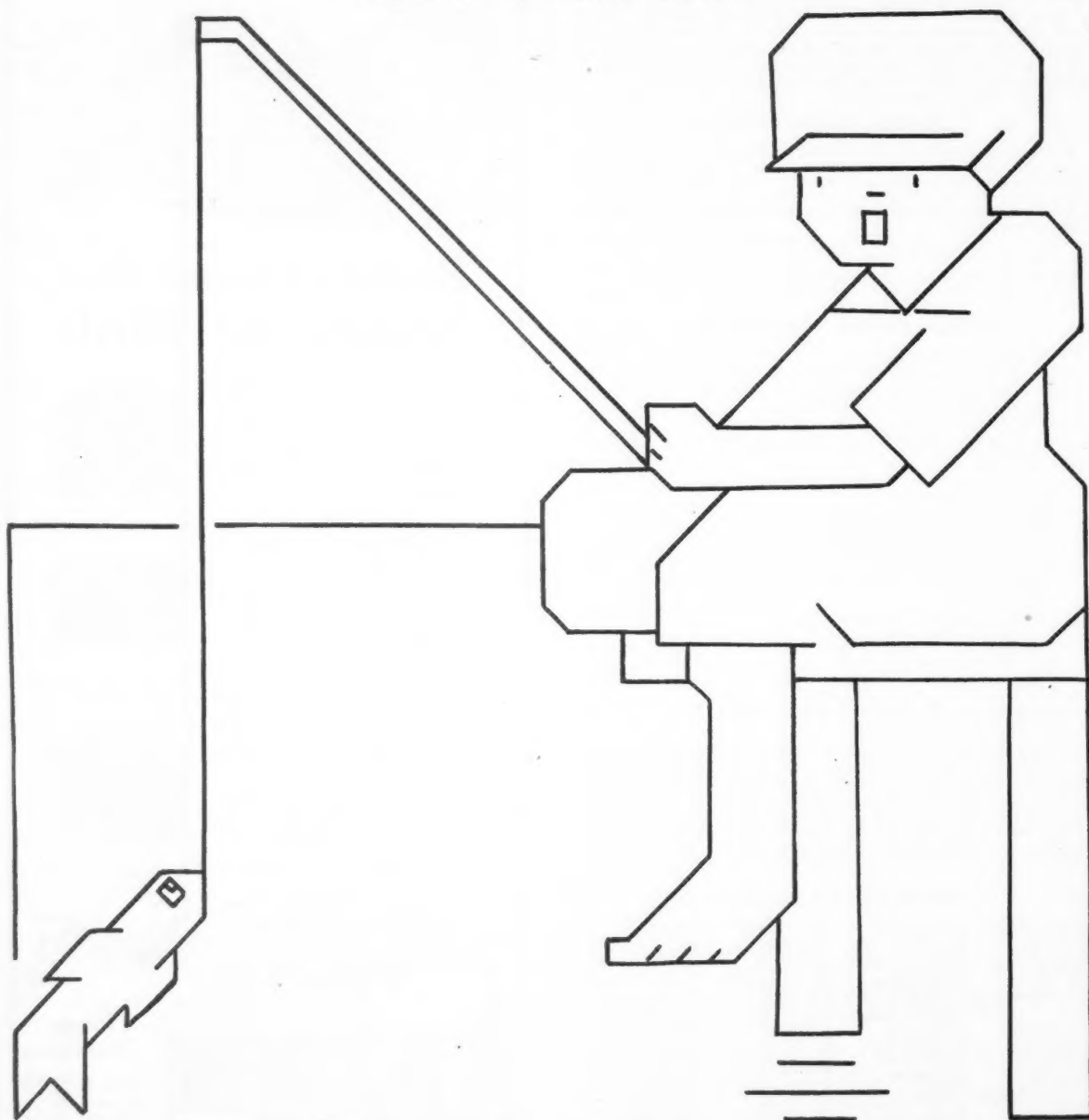
Standard Wren Houses, delivered	each \$ 1.00
Special Equipment for bolting Wren Houses instead of nailing	.25
Lincoln Log Bird Sets, for building models shown to the right side or others in design book	each 3.00
Bird House Outfit—one Standard Wren House with Special Equipment and one Lincoln Log Bird Set	each outfit 4.00
Lincoln Playhouse Complete	each 50.00

Name.....City.....

Street.....State.....

THE CHILD LIFE QUILT No. 7

Designed by RUBY SHORT McKIM



No. 7. THE FISHERBOY FROM OREGON

THIS may not be exactly the way the great American industry is carried on, but it is one way that fish can be caught—and the way most boys do it!

There's something that gets into a fellow's blood along in springtime, when the leaves begin to unroll on the trees, and the grass begins to smell lush and green—something that cries out for a rod and line and a can of worms, and a hidden place around the river bend where the fish will be waiting eagerly for the first cast! Sometimes the urge is so strong that school boys

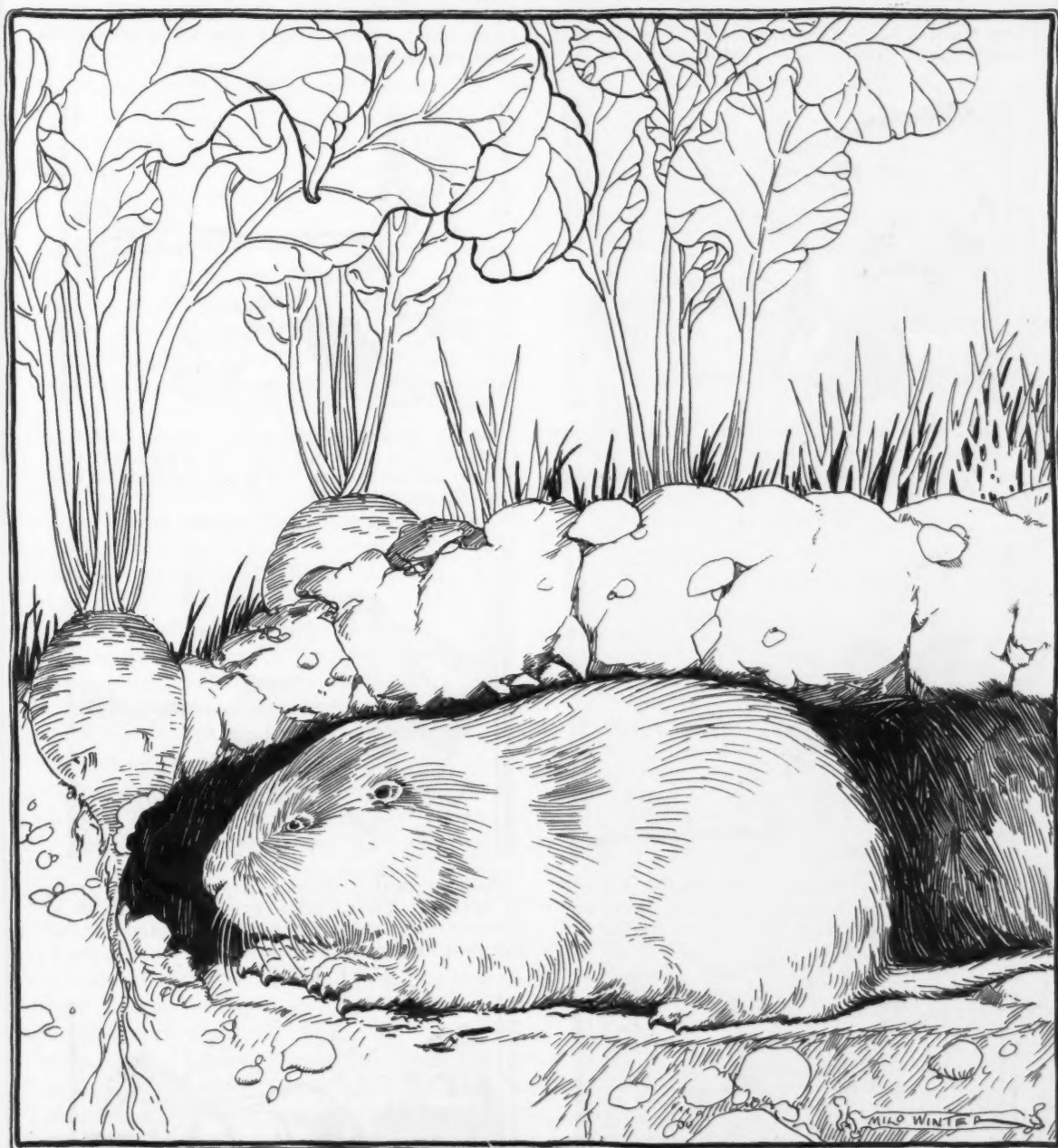
don't wait for Saturday to come! And then they catch more than fish!

We will say that Quilt No. 7 represents Washington and Oregon and that the square looking fish he is about to haul in is a salmon. Trace him quickly before he gets away.

Instructions: To change the drawing into a quilt block, trace through carbon onto a smoothly-ironed piece of muslin that is cut about ten inches square. To make sure that your lines will trace perfectly true, use a ruler to mark along. After you have traced the pattern onto the muslin, you can work it in simple outline stitch, any color you may choose for your quilt. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough for a child's quilt.



Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



NUMBER TWENTY-ONE

Dear Children: Read about me on page 237, then tell my name and color me in my really truly colors. Mail me so I'll reach Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before April 12. Be sure to send your name

and age and address with the page you color.

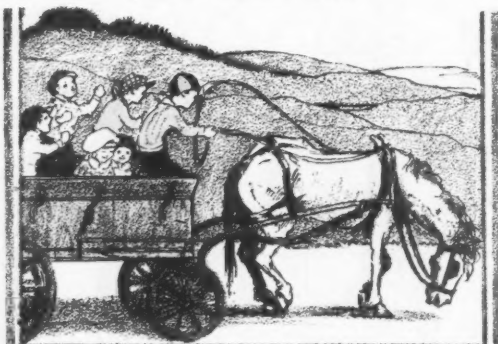
The best page and answer by a girl wins a prize, and so does the best page and answer by a boy. The boys and girls who do the next best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.

JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

Pudgy's class went to the country for nature study. When they got off the train a farmer lent them a horse named Speedy. The trip was slow because Speedy had to rest often—

JUST LIKE THIS



They were to find something interesting to bring back. Sunshine found a four-leaf clover and Bud found a fossil but Pudgy found nothing. Bud was showing his fossil to Pudgy—

JUST LIKE THIS



When suddenly Pudgy slipped. He grabbed Bud and away they went over the cliff. Part way down was a bush. Bud managed to get hold of it and saved himself—

JUST LIKE THIS



But Pudgy believes in going all the way when he starts anything, so he went right to the bottom in the mud. Something in the water seemed to hold his interest—

JUST LIKE THIS



He got up smiling and said, "I guess I haven't added any to my looks but I've added this tadpole to our collection." He put the tadpole into a bottle he found—

JUST LIKE THIS



Pudgy's clothes dried quickly by tying them on Speedy. Then Pudgy wrapped himself in a tablecloth and made much fun by pretending he was Ben Hur driving his chariot—

JUST LIKE THIS



OUR BOOK FRIENDS

By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present Librarian, Edison Junior High School, Long Beach, California

WOULD you feel that you were the possessor of endless riches if all your worldly goods that could be counted consisted of a ram, a dog, and a silver sixpence? We have been living with a boy, Dick Martin, in *The New Moon*, who felt that he was ever so well off. And yet, aside from such friends as Thomas Garrity, and his beloved Indian comrades, all on earth that belonged to Dick was a ram, which he bought at a county fair, a dog named Cormac, and a silver sixpence which Dick dug up in his own garden.

Though Dick had no worldly wealth he had a way with him and wherever he went, in Ireland or in the New World, he made friends. One of his friends was "The Man with Rings in His Ears"—an acquaintance which the boy made quite unexpectedly one evening, when he was looking over his right shoulder at the new moon and making a wish. Thereupon Dick and the sailor fell into conversation and what was said that night the boy never forgot. Long afterwards Dick had reason to remember the man's words—what he had said about the small things which make up life's fortunes, how the little minutes, rather than the memory of exciting days and great hours, were the things in which he would find happiness and which he would love most to recall. Dick could remember just how "The Man with Rings in His Ears" looked as he leaned over and said, "There is a thing you must remember, when you are setting out for strange places, and that is that always—wherever you go—you must take your courage with you. It is often a terrible lot of trouble to be brave, but you must be it when there is naught else to do."

Throughout *The New Moon* there are tales of steadfast courage, of loyalty and of friendship. You will delight in the collie who was such a companion for Dick and you will decide that Cormac was quite as brave in time of danger as any of his human friends. You will like the cross-country travel, the adventures with the Indians, and, most of all, you will catch the spirit of the free, happy life of those pioneer days when the shores of the Mississippi were still uninhabited and the country beyond had not yet been explored.

Lewis and Clark, Kit Carson, Fremont and Daniel Boone were real people who made



1947—Straw Braid Crown, Changeable Taffeta Brim, Hand Emb. Two Tone Ribbon Trim. Colors—Red, Sand, Copen, Oak \$4.00
1974—Novelty Straw Braid Crown, Band and Facing: Pleated Ribbon Frill. Colors—Red, Sand, Copen, Oak \$4.50

Fairfame Kiddie Caps

MAKE EVERY CHILD A PICTURE



3822—Taffeta Straw—Taffeta Face \$3.00

Spring Sunshine joins the sweetness of Baby's smile in calling for one of the smart new Fairfame Kiddie Caps.



3985—Straw with Pleated Ribbon Frill \$5.00

Like Mother's hats they are in contrasting colors to spring coats—bewitching in style—dainty for demure little misses and of jaunty fashioning for the mischievous ones.

Fairfame Caps are in fascinating variety and reasonably priced.



3829—Taffeta with Straw Braid Trim \$3.00

Most Baby counters sell Fairfame Kiddie Caps. If your favorite shop does not feature them, we will supply you through them. Please write us.

Priced

\$3 \$4 \$5
and up

All Caps illustrated are in the same colors

Send for the Fairfame Booklet C

AT GOOD STORES

G. H. E. Freyberg
10 West 20th St. New York

IN YOUR CITY:

BABY CAPS · KIDDIE CAPS · BOUDOIR CAPS



How your little girl would enjoy this real kitchen cabinet—just her size. See that roll front. It really runs up and down. See those cunning doors that open and close, with spring catches just like the doors on the big cabinet in the kitchen. That's why this cabinet gives your little girl

—all the fun of a cabinet "Just Like Mother's"

A WONDERFUL gift, that puts reality into play. Make it her birthday gift or get it any time. It means years of fun. Compare the size 39 inches high, the quality, the beautiful white enamel finish and porcelain top with other playroom equipment, and you will recognize the wonderful value of this and the table below.



"Company for dinner"

Real, or "play company" can be entertained with this appealing combination. Two sturdy cunning chairs and porcelain top table with the alphabet, Mother Goose figures and Noah's Ark in beautiful colors add to the fun. Handsome white enamel finish, blue tipped legs on chairs and table.

Send No Money—simply sign and send coupon—pay when goods are delivered—price shown in coupon, plus small delivery charge.

PLAYROOM EQUIPMENT COMPANY 180 North Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please ship me playroom equipment checked below.

- ☐ Playroom Cabinets porcelain top, at \$11.00 each.
☐ Playroom Table porcelain top with 2 chairs top size of table 16x20 inches, price, \$8.50.
☐ Playroom Table porcelain top with 2 chairs, top size of table 20x24 inches, price \$12.00.

It is understood I am not to pay until equipment is delivered, and that money will be refunded unless I am entirely satisfied.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

history by living it. They crossed the plains and were the first men in a new country. They did not live for themselves or for their own time. The world watched them as they went forward and when they discovered bountiful plains and rich territory, it was for future times and for a world beyond the seas. In *The Trail Blazers* and in *The Days of the Pioneers* you will find tales of these pioneers. and of their courage and sacrifice.

Washington and Lincoln were pioneers quite as much as the sturdy men who went west and opened up new country. Wherever they went they took their courage with them and they were brave "when there was naught else to do." Because you love these American heroes you will find special interest in *The Toy Shop*, *A Boy at Gettysburg*, *A Virginia Cavalier* and *On the Trail of Washington*.

PIONEERS AND CONQUERORS

- Beyond the Old Frontier - - - - - G. B. Grinnell
 CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
 Boy at Gettysburg - - - - - Elsie Singmaster
 HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
 Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln - - - - - J. R. Gore
 BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS
 Champlin's New Young Folk's Cyclopedia: Persons - - -
 HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, NEW YORK
 Days of the Pioneers - - - - - L. Lamprey
 FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK
 Good Stories for Great Birthdays - - - - - F. J. Olcott
 HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
 More than Conquerors - - - - - Ariadne Gilbert
 THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK
 On the Trail of Washington - - - - - F. T. Hill
 D. APPLETON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
 New Moon - - - - - Cornelia Meigs
 THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
 The Perfect Tribute - - - - - Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews
 CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
 Stories of Heroism - - - - - W. H. Marc
 RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
 Stories of People Worth While - - - - - Kitty Parsons
 FLEMING H. REVELL & CO., NEW YORK
 Story of Our Country - - - - - F. B. Smith
 G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
 The Splendid Wayfaring - - - - - G. J. Neihardt
 THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
 The Toy Shop. A Story of Lincoln - - - - - M. Gerry
 HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
 This Country of Ours - - - - - H. E. Marshall
 GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
 Trail Blazers - - - - - Mary H. Wade
 LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON
 Trails of the Pathfinders - - - - - G. B. Grinnell
 CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
 Treasure Finders - - - - - Oliver Clay
 DUFFIELD & COMPANY, NEW YORK
 Where Our History Was Made - - - - - J. T. Faris
 SILVER BURDETT & COMPANY, NEW YORK
 Virginia Cavalier - - - - - M. E. Seawell
 HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK



LESSON No. 2

WHO cooked baked apples?

You can't raise your hands as you do in school; you can't speak out as at home—how in the world are we going to know who are the cooks of the Child Life Kitchen?

Oh, I know! You'll write us a postal card. Don't write a letter because letters mean answers and we're all so busy cooking we haven't time for answers just now, thank you. But send us a postal card if your baked apples were good.

Address your card to The Child Life Kitchen. CHILD LIFE, care of Rand McNally & Company, 536 South Clark Street, Chicago. On the back of the postal tell us your name and address and whether you cooked baked apples successfully. Then we can know how many girls and boys there are in our nice big kitchen. And if you want to tell the name of something you'd like to learn to cook, maybe we can put it in a lesson very soon—who knows? We'll try to.

Now, because April, like March, is such a windy, blustery month, and because hot food tastes extra fine at such a time, we're going to cook something hot for Saturday luncheon. You will have all morning at home, so you won't have to hurry with cooking. Hurry-up cooking isn't so good while a person is learning.

But you will want to read this all over before Saturday, though, so you can be sure Mother has ordered the things you plan to use. We are counting on four for luncheon and you are going to cook the first course. Doesn't that sound interesting?

We're going to make Cream of Spinach Soup.

You don't like spinach? How funny! Why not?

Because it's good for you? Such a reason! Of course, it is. But that's not why we are having it. Indeed, no. We have it because it is interesting to cook; because it is pretty to look at when it is finished; and because it makes a person feel fine after eating it on such a day as this.

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectives," etc.

First, you will remember all we said last time about hands and nails and putting things away after we have finished

cooking—such things are part of being a good cook. just as we said before. Now, then, ready? Remember, the part in the different type is to be copied in your recipe book.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP

Get out a double boiler, a measuring cup, 3 cupfuls of milk, 1 cupful of cooked spinach, some butter, salt, flour, a wire sieve and a cooking spoon. Arrange them conveniently on the table.

Put 1 pint of water in the lower part of the double boiler and set it to heat.

While the water is getting hot, rub the spinach through the wire sieve (use the cooking spoon).

Put 2¾ cupfuls of milk and the strained spinach in the upper part of the boiler and set it to heat.

Mix 2 teaspoonfuls of flour with the ¼ cupful of milk. Mix till there isn't a lump to be found. Then stir in 1 teaspoonful of salt.

Now stir the milk and spinach with your big spoon and see that they are getting steaming hot.

Drop 2 tablespoonfuls of butter into the milk and spinach.

When the butter has melted and the milk is steaming, stir in your flour and salt mixture. Stir well for two minutes.

Cover and let cook for ten minutes.

While the soup is cooking, wash the sieve, cup and small spoon and put the clean tools and the supplies away.

Serve the soup on warmed soup plates. If you want it to be very dressy, sprinkle freshly popped corn over each plate of soup just before you take it into the dining room. Not only will this look pretty, it will taste fine.

After you have taken up the soup, quickly fill the boiler with cold water. After luncheon you can easily wash it.

All this may take an hour, so start in time. If you get the soup ready ahead of time, pull the boiler back where the soup will keep hot but will not cook. A little waiting will not spoil it.

Now don't forget to write about the baked apples. We can hardly wait to get the mail, we're so eager to see how many cooks we have in the Child Life Kitchen.



YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.



HOPE really had a beautiful time trying on her new Easter dresses. It did not seem a bit hard to stand still when she pretended to be Peter Pan and pretended that Mother was Wendy sewing on her shadow.

The dress she is wearing is made of soft washable silk, trimmed in ruffles of the same material. It is so full and billowy she will almost be taken for a little spring flower.

Then there is her linen dress with hat to match. The pattern is so easy to make. Mother put scallops on the collar, cuffs and hem to give it a touch that was different.

And see the new cape, made of waterproof, reversible material with such a cunning scarf collar! It is just the thing to wear during April showers.

Hope told her mother dear that she loved her for making these

pretty clothes and that she wished every little girl could have some just like them.

Wouldn't it be fun to dress like your paper doll? CHILD LIFE has patterns exactly like these. You cannot stay young always like Peter Pan, so why not have these pretty clothes while the patterns will fit you?

Pattern 4945. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

Pattern 4827. Sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 years.

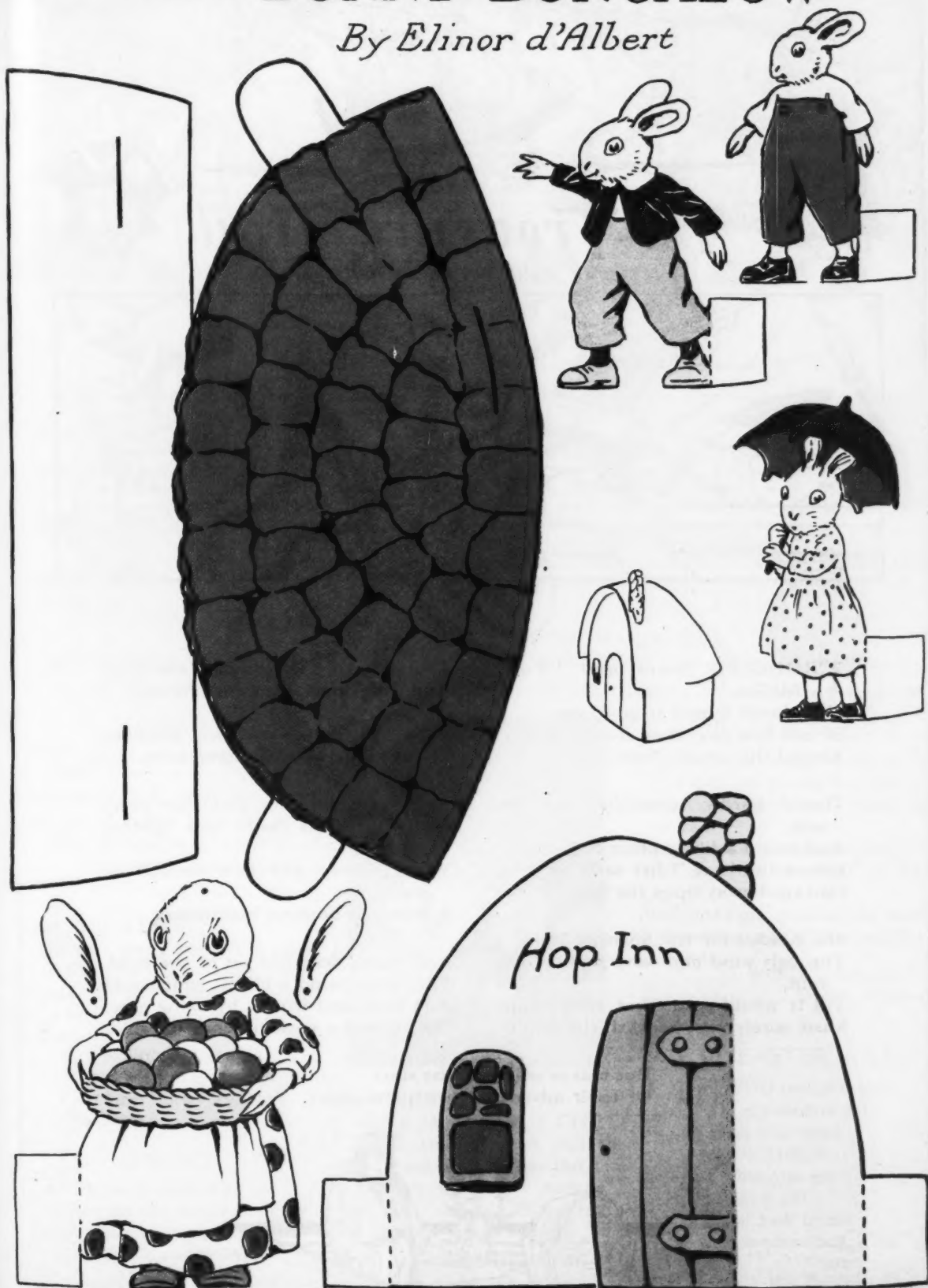
Pattern 4819. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

Patterns are 20 cents each.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, Rand McNally & Co., 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

The BUNNY BUNGALOW

By Elinor d'Albert



DIRECTIONS

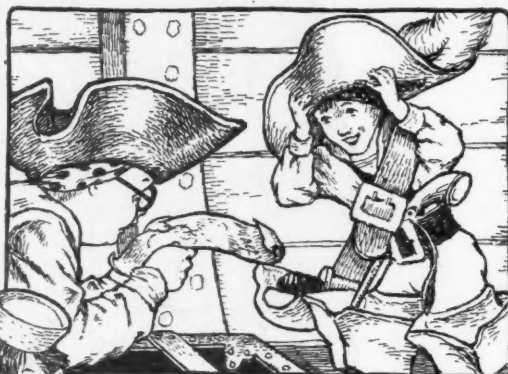
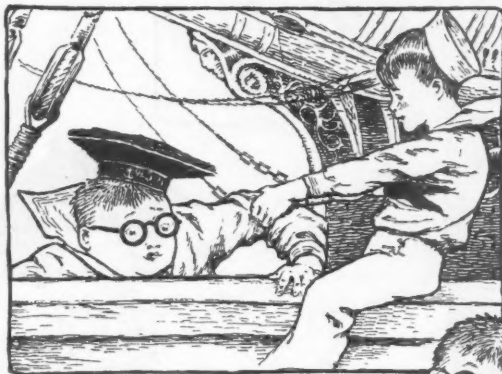
PASTE page on back of old magazine cover before cutting out.
Curve the roof into shape, and fasten the tabs in the slits, put the chimney through the top slit, bend back the tabs on house, and fasten roof to these tabs. Take needle and thread, make large

knot, fasten Mother Bunny's ears with a knot in front, and one at back. Make firm, so that they will not move too easily. Fold back the tabs on the bunnies, and that will make them stand up, all ready to hop into Hop Inn.



The Treasure Trail

Pictures and Verse by Chet Law



FROGGIE" Jones and "Tub"
McGee,
Had always longed to go to sea;
So one fine day, they stowed away,
Aboard the vessel "Nancy Lee."

They'd hardly scrambled o'er the
side
And found a likely place to hide,
Before the "Lee," her sails set free,
Had sped away upon the tide.

She headed for the Spanish Main,
Through wind and wave and driving
rain,
Till it would seem that every beam
Must surely part beneath the strain.

Like peas they rolled about the floor,
Till Tub went crashing through a
door.
Before their eyes, to their surprise,
There lay revealed a secret store.

All undisturbed for countless years
Were hats and boots and fighting
gears,
With plumes and lace enough to
grace
A hundred dashing buccaneers.

And there, deep hidden in the hold,
They also found a chart, which told
Just how, and where, by using care,
They'd find a treasure chest of gold.

But this is only just the start
Of their adventures with the chart.





CLUB MOTTO:

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white, unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

ROSE WALDO, Editor

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

EASTER

THE grass is turning, oh, so green,

Everywhere new buds are seen.
The Easter bunny is on his way,
To bring us eggs on Easter day.

MARJORIE GOLDWASSER
Age 8½ years.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I DO wish that I was sent a copy of CHILD LIFE every day, instead of every month. I am not a subscriber, but I buy it every month.

Sincerely yours,

ANNA K. ALEXANDER

New York City, N. Y.

Age 10½ years.

SPRING

EARLY in the morning

When the sky is still and gray,
The robin perches on a tree
And sings a roundelay.

ANNE K. ALEXANDER

Age 10½ years. New York City.



Dear CHILD LIFE:

I AM a new reader of CHILD LIFE and want to join the club. I am sending you this picture of my little sister because I think she is so cute. It was taken this summer with her dolly.

Yours truly,

MARY D. WALT

Age 11 years. Elkhart, Ind.

FAIRYLAND'S GIFT

DEAR crystal days of April,

I look and cannot find you.
With closed eyes try to image you
in vain.

'Tis only when I'm blowing bubbles
That I catch the magic of your
spirit,

Fairyland's gift dazzling the world
And melting away of sheer fragility.

WENDY HARLAN

Age 11 years. Seattle, Wash

THE EASTER LILY

OH, YOU pretty thing.

On my window sill!

You nod your head

Like a daffodil.

Just what you are

I cannot tell,

But you look to me

Like a silver bell.

MARGARET JOY FITZGERELL,

Age 8 years Hollywood, Calif.



Sox for Tots and Children's Sports Hose

What beautiful designs! What exquisite colors!

No wonder Randolph Cuties fancy-top socks for wee folk and three-quarterlength sports hose for older boys and girls have held the leadership for years, in spite of many attempts to imitate them.

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Free, if you send your
dealer's name.

RANDOLPH CUTIES

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. & CANADA

SOX FOR TOTS

BRUIN THE BEAR

GREAT grandma was cooking peaches in the big kettle, and the pet bear, Bruin, who was kept tied under an oak tree through the day, suddenly appeared in the door, drawn by the smell of peaches cooking.

Great-grandma and her daughter escaped up the back stairs, leaving the kitchen to Bruin.

Bruin walked up to the stove, sniffed the peaches and gingerly took out one with his paw, and ate it. It was HOT!

He began to cry and stuck his hand in his mouth and danced around the room.

Then a bright idea came to him.

He knocked the big kettle off on the floor, spilling the peaches all over the floor. Then he proceeded to eat them greedily, talking all the while.

Great Aunt Sue rang the big bell that called the men in time of danger.

The men came and tied Mr. Bruin back under his tree.

Bruin didn't care for supper that night.

WENDELL K. FITCH

Age 9 years Wellesley, Mass.

DUTCH CHILDREN

I AM going to tell you about the Dutch children. The Dutch children live in Holland. Holland is a low country across the sea. High dikes called sea walls are built to keep the sea from flooding the land. Do you know what they have for streets? They have canals for streets. In winter everybody skates on the frozen canal. The first skating day is a holiday. They have many queer customs. One is their belief that the storks bring them good luck. Another custom is to hang a blue pincushion out on the door when a baby girl is born. When a boy is born they hang a pink pincushion on the door. They have one day out of the year they call scrubbing day. I should like to visit Holland and see scrubbing day.

ADELE ALTSCHUL

Age 9 years Dayton, Ohio

Celebrate Washington's birthday by reading little Nicholas Knickerbocker's impressions of the event.



Nicholas

By ANNE CARROLL MOORE

Here is a book to delight every one with a young heart—children and grown-ups as well. It is an adventure story of a small boy's wanderings about New York and his amusing discoveries. With many charming pictures by Jay Van Everen who sees Nicholas as children see him. \$2.00

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536 S. Clark Street, Chicago Two Years 5.00

Enclosed you will find a check for \$3.00 for one year or \$5.00 for two years' subscription to CHILD LIFE, to be sent to

Name

Address

City State

Please send the six inch globe of the world to me.

Name

Address

City State

Dear Miss Waldo:

WE can hear the Pacific Ocean where I live. My home is by the beach of North Bay of Gray's Harbor. I like to play on the beach, except when it is stormy. I learned to write on the beach first. I wrote "God is Love" and my name.

I have two younger sisters and a baby brother.

ALIDA JANE BLOOM

Age 6 years Hoquiam, Wash.



JANE WELCH AND KIM

Dear Miss Waldo:

I ENJOY CHILD LIFE very much. I have been taking it two years. I am in the 5B grade. I am enclosing a portrait of my dog, Kim, and myself. I am writing a poem which I hope you will publish in CHILD LIFE.

JANE WELCH

KIM

I HAVE a dog, his name is Kim, He is so full of fun,
We romp and play the livelong day,
Always on the run.

Then in his little basket,
We tuck him for the night.
He sleeps and snores for many hours,

Ready for play at daylight.

Lovingly,

JANE WELCH

Age 9 years Fairport, N. Y.

"Oh Daddy! it's Wonderful!"

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A COMPLETE HOME PLAYGROUND

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**SLIDE-TEETER-TOTTER
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Little Tots Forget-Me-Nots



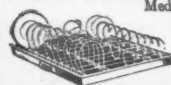
"Dear Mrs. Schroll:—I have never had a song take so well with both children and their parents as your action song, 'Little Tots Forget-Me-Nots.' It makes such a happy appeal to the children, they act it out so naturally. I most heartily recommend it to those teaching the primary age, and for use in the home."
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Canadian 50c extra. See dealers or ask for folder.
**THE PERFECTION
DISH DRYER CO.**
Dept. "E" Indianapolis, Ind.

EASTER

EASTER, Easter, won't you come?

If you do we'll have some fun.

EDWIN GOLDWASSER

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM sending you a story about Mr. Moon. On the cover of CHILD LIFE is a little picture of a little fellow and he has a big head and little body and that's where I got my idea of making this story. It is on the September magazine. I hope very, very much my little story of Mr. Moon will be published in the next magazine. I love CHILD LIFE very much but best of all I love the Joy Givers

Your true member,

ELIZABETH ALICE HOWARD

MR. MOON

MR. MOON set out to find the home of CHILD LIFE. He walked and he walked and he walked until at last he saw the sign of CHILD LIFE HOME. When he reached the place he went through a long hall, which was filled with magazines, and the nicest magazines you nearly ever saw. In there were little poems and stories.

Mr. Moon started at the first and went clear through. When he got to the page of the Joy Givers' Club and read the stories and poems, he thought he would make up a poem, too, and have it published in the very next magazine.

Mr. Moon said aloud, "I am the great big moon who has come way, way down to the ground to find the home of CHILD LIFE."

And Mr. Moon had just finished when a beautiful lady appeared. She said, "I am the Lady of CHILD LIFE. I heard your poem and thought it was very good and it will be published in the very next magazine of CHILD LIFE."

Then she vanished, and Mr. Moon skipped out of the door and into the wide world, for he was as happy as could be because he was a member of the Joy Givers' Club.

ELIZABETH ALICE HOWARD

Age 9 years. Georgetown, Texas.

EASTER

THE birds give you greeting.
The butterflies, too,
Put on winged beauty,
Sweet child for you.

RUTH METCALF,
Roseburg, Ore.

AN EASTER ADVENTURE

IT WAS Easter eve. As we sat together in the twilight, we heard a soft step advancing down the road. In one hand this mysterious person (for we thought it really was a person) held a candy lantern, and in the other hand a striped candy cane, such as you see on Christmas trees.

As this step became more distinct the light became brighter, and, to our surprise and astonishment, we saw neither man nor woman, girl nor boy, but two little white rabbits. On his back one of them carried a pack, similar to Santa's, but its contents were altogether different. His pack contained Easter eggs and baskets of many different colors neatly packed.

The Easter Bunny spoke and said, "I am not coming any longer. I am getting too old. My son here will supply you with fun for Easter. I am taking him around to show him where he will have to lighten his load. I will not have time to come around again to-night, so I will leave my Easter treasures, which were in store for you. Good night, and a happy Easter!"

So saying the two rabbits disappeared down the road.

MARY O'CONNER

Age 10 years. Meriden, Conn.

APRIL

LOVING April's come at last.
Hurrah, for stormy March is past!

Oh, Spring, Spring, Spring,
Can't you hear the birds sing?
And can't you see the April showers
That we all know will make May flowers?

ROBERT B. SHEARER

Age 11 years Remington, Ind.



The sunshine and balsam air of the Land-O-Lakes will give you a coat of tan and a glow of health that will outlast many months.

Beaver, woodchucks, squirrels, chipmunk, rabbits and friendly porcupines will tell you of Nature's secrets.

Ask father to arrange for a North Woods home this summer and visit you over week-ends. There's a lake shore cottage for you with the pine woods your back yard.

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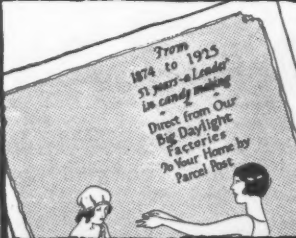
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It's 15¢

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EASTER

BUNNIES, bunnies everywhere,
Painting eggs with greatest care,

For little children on Easter Day,
To make them happy and so gay!

FRANCES BARBARA LEGG
Age 8 years. New York City.



SUSAN BARBER

FOG AT CORONADO

THE pale moon glimmered on the
earth one night
And wrapped round it a ghost-like
cloud of white.
The fog rolled in from the stirring
sea
And all of the coast was a mystery.

The lights from the tower looked
like the eye
Of a hungry lioness awaiting her
prey.
The distant rumble of a coming
train
Came loud through the sheets of
pouring rain.

And near-by the foaming tongues
of the ocean
Reached and went in rhythmic
motion,
And forms indistinct through the
heavy air
Appeared and disappeared we know
not where.

The blustering wind that swept the
land
Passed over tops of the banks of
sand.
The world was weird on that queer,
misty night
And presented a startling but won-
derful sight.

SUSAN BARBER
Age 11 years Coronado, Calif.

MISS DAVISON'S SCHOOL**Hillcrest**

Here are gay playmates, tender care, and the sympathetic understanding of home. Swings, basket ball, sleighrides, surprise parties. Sunshiny rooms. Delicious, wholesome food. Unusual advantages in music. Only normal, healthy children—5 to 15 years old—accepted. Number limited. Send today for catalog.



Miss Sarah M. Davison, Principal
Box 4L, Beaver Dam, Wis.

**KoKoMo****SKATES**

with the self-contained ball bearing wheels, the truss frame construction and the "rocking chair" movement are—
"Young America's First Choice"

Ask your dealer for the skate with the RED DISC



Ko Ko Mo Stamped Metal Co., Kokomo, Indiana

Do You Want a Best Friend?

ON THE Dog Page are the names of many puppies that are ready and anxious to be your very best friend. If you can't decide between them, write to the Dog Department, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

More Comfort for Baby

—More Pleasure for Mother

No more weary arms and tired babies. Tuck baby snugly in a convenient GORDON MOTOR CRIB or BASSINET. Asleep or awake, baby really enjoys motoring. Mother, too, may ride in comfort, or drive if she chooses. Absorbs the shocks baby would receive if held. "The Safest Way" the doctors say. The GORDON MOTOR CRIB shown above is quickly installed in open cars and standard sedans. Easily removed. Takes up no useful space. Folds flat.

The GORDON MOTOR BASSINET fits smallest closed and open cars. Removable while baby sleeps. Both designs widely used. Recommended by baby specialists. Less than one-third the cost of a baby cab. Mother's pleasure and baby's comfort worth many times its small investment. Sold everywhere or sent prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for illustrated folder and dealer's name. For baby, do it today.

Gordon Motor Crib Co.
Dept. 128, 1919 Wabash Ave., Chicago



The Purity of Cuticura

Makes It Unexcelled
For All Toilet Purposes

Dear Rose Waldo:

I AM sending you a picture of myself and the twins, and also a poem. I love CHILD LIFE. And I can't really tell you which one I like best because they are all so good.

Well, I hope that my poem is good enough to be printed and also hope I can be a member of the Joy Givers' Club.

Lovingly yours,

ROSEMARY HENSELMAN

Age 11 years. Medford, Ore.



ROSEMARY AND THE TWINS

THE SAND CASTLE

I MADE a little castle.

It was made all of sand—
The prettiest little castle
That was ever made on land.
But one morning,
A tide came up to shore,
And swept my little castle
Away for evermore.

ROSEMARY HENSELMAN

Age 11 years. Medford, Ore.

KEY TO THE CHILD LIFE QUILT

(See page 240)

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20

This diagram shows the arrangement of the blocks in the Child Life quilt.

Parents

Your Children Need a Close Contact With Nature



WHETHER your child attends a public or private school, the activities of the summer camp meet a very real need in supplementing the training of both school and home. It provides your child with such an education as only the outdoors can give, and it teaches him the value of team work and co-operation with his fellows. Through its sports it builds up his health and strengthens his self-control. Moreover, it provides him with red-blooded adventure and wholesome good times, in contrast to the amusements the average summer resort gives him. Again there comes up the problem of the selection of a camp that will meet your child's particular needs.

The Camp Service of CHILD LIFE

The CHILD LIFE Camp Directory on another page has been established to accommodate, by intelligent advice, the parents of children between the ages of six and twelve, and to recommend to them its approved camps. The CHILD LIFE Camp Service is in close touch with those camps throughout the country which have the finest junior groups. It is at the disposal of all parents who need sound, careful guidance in this all-important choice. Please state the age and sex of each child, the approximate amount you wish to spend, and what vicinity you have in mind for their vacation.

Address

E. EVALYN GRUMBINE, Director

CAMP SERVICE

CHILD LIFE

536 S. Clark Street

Chicago

WHO'S WHO HONOR ROLL

(Continued from March CHILD LIFE)

Omega Foote
Mary E. Finley
Florence Fink
Virginia Ford
Eleanor French
Audrey Fredericksen
Sally Getman
Anne Gildersleeve
Willette Green
Arthur Gummer
Sara F. Gerald
William T. Gordon
Catherine Graves
Roberta Grier
Jean Gore
Ethel L. Gurney
Dorothy Greatorex
Virginia Griffin
F. T. Gerard, Jr.
Pauline Gila
Eleanor Gee
Elizabeth Gillinder
Doris Gehrig
Joseph Goldman
Marynele Gutridge
Dorothy Gilmore
Harriott Griswold
Frances Gould
Mary Gill
William Gee
Vivian Gillespie
Winona Gray
Ethel Gabrielson
Clarissa Green
Paul Gibson
Mary Green
Ruth Girlin
Douglas Gardiner
Ferne Gilson
Adele Galloway
Mae Hauber
Helen Hitchcock
Howard E. Henley
Anna Herke
Naomi Hull
Freda M. Haller
Eleanor Hauch
Dorothy M. Hughes
Wilma Haley
Una Hainop
Harry Henshel, Jr.
Mary Jane Hayden
Elva Hill
Charlotte Hoffman
Frank Etheridge
Violet Hoffman
Henrietta Harbord
Mary E. Hand
Beth Hodgson
Margaret Hawthorne
Betty Harris
Jane Harrison
Grace Hamerly
Roberta Harold
Ruth Hoeflinger
Elizabeth Hancock
Henry Hoyt
Rose Hughes
Joseph B. Hartranft, Jr.
Gertrude Huber
Christa Mae Hallerberg
Helen Hoffman
Frances Huron
Howard Husey
Billy Hoover
Lois Hill
Ray Hill
Margaret Rives Hopkins
Helen A. Horner
Margaret Hoppes
Jo Louise Hockins
Dorothy Henningsen
Julia M. Harris
Anna Hastings
L. M. Harris
Virginia Hall
Frederick A. Hime
Ruth May Hudson
Lucile M. Hastings
Emily Hall
R. Katharine Hubbard
Bernice Harris
Natalie Haskell
Neva M. Hetrick
Paul Homrighous
John M. Hand
Mildred E. Hunter
Richard Harriott
Martha Hoppe
Nancy J. Hufford
Marcelene Haydon
Sophie Hunt
George L. Harper
Charles Hanley, Jr.
Kathryn Hamilton
Gertrude Hellmann
Penelope Hunter
Pauline Immaculate
Marjorie Innes
Helen Irwin
Ima Jensen
Margery Johnson
Frances Jackson
Helen Johnston
Martha Jones
Barbara Jones
Helen Jones
Phyllis Jones
Corinne Jones
Jane Johnson
Pauline Johnson
Josephine Jackson
Doris Jacobson
Louise Jacobson
Mary Jeffs
Hayden Johnson
Virginia Johnson
Nancy E. Jacobs
Gordon Jones
Quentin Jones
Althea Johnson
Marjorie Jackson
Marie Louise Julian
Loren H. Jones
Miriam Jacobson
Peggy L. Jones
Dorothy Jamason
Nancy E. Jacobs
Joseph T. Klapper
Geraldine Kristol
Flourette Kahn
Elizabeth Kuehner

Marquette Karsh
Katharine Krumboltz
Elise Kendall
Betty Ketchum
Cecile Kichler
Cleo O. Knapp
Ruth Kealey
Isabel Klein
Lucille Kinnan
Miriam Kirschoff
Elizabeth Kadow
Betty Jane Kins
Francis Kiley
Elmora Kim
Fred Kromer
Martha Kappeler
Katherine L. Kettler
Phyllis Kron
Ella Loomis Kibbe
John Kolar
Jennette M. Kimball
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La Vaughn Larson
Nora B. Lichty
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Emma L. Laro
Gene Long
Jean Gordon Lee
Betty Locke
Jacqueline Land
Billy Laurie
Eliot Leavitt
Chester Laurence
Loring Lyford
Rosemary Lucas
Salena M. London
Lorena E. Long
Fred London
Evelyn V. Lawson
Bettie Lance
Nathalie De Lap
Virginia Leach
Ruth Lay
Virginia F. Leiper
Marjorie Lewis
Libby K. Lusch
Jack Long
Evelyn L. Liddy
Rose Lavender
Eleanor Lydecker
Donald Long
Sylvia F. Lardner
Mary S. Lawton
Jennie Lindstrom
Phyllis Lockard
Katharine Landon
Naomi Leins
Carmelia A. Leigh
Ruth Levy
Mary Littlejohn
Jane Lower
John Elmore Lawrence
Nancy J. Longenecker
June Lindsay
Rosa A. H. Long
Audilia Leash
Helen Louis
Mary Loomis
Marjorie Long
Frances Lee
Warren Lambert
Luella Little
Lazine M. La Brier
Betty Lawson
Lettitia Lytle
John Lundberg
Margaret MacLean
Dorothy McBrian
Mary Louise McCall
Frances McJorcy
Betty McCarley
Ruth McLeod
Mary E. McMorris
Alma McKinney
Dorothy McKinney
Jack McKay
Betty McMahon
Jean W. McKinney
Shella McClintock
Jane Messenger
Ruth L. Miller
N. ney M. Mover
Katherine Martin
Betty Mengis
Elizabeth Murray
Joan Matthews
Buddy Merwin
Louise G. Metz
Martha Mathews
Mary E. Miller
Robert Moore
Erma Dean Mott
Dorothy Mitchell
Joyd W. Moffitt
Dorothy Mott
Hilda M. Maxwell
Madlin Matthews
Gretchen Margaret
Lillian Martin
Sylvia Michel
Arligh H. Markham
Virginia Martin
Lois Mankin
Bernice Mints
Margaret Mook
Betty Mars
Betty Morgan
Maryvella Morgan
Mary H. Moss
Alta Morris
Patricia F. Mott
Frances Mickelson
Bertha Murphy
Ruth Moulton
Mary Murphy
Ruth Metcalf
Elizabeth Martin
Herbert W. Moore
Frances Meyer
Grace Millet
Isabelle Morrow
Harold Murphy
Mary Miller
Maren Maier
Christine Miller
Stephen Malven
Philip Mitchell
Charlotte Mauvala
Phoebe D. Masey
Eva C. Miller
Martha Michaux
Evelyn Mallory

Dear Miss Waldo:
I WANT to join the Joy Givers
Club. Here is my picture.

Sincerely,
GERALD BLANCHARD
Palmer, Ill.



GERALD BLANCHARD

Dear Miss Waldo:
THANK you very much for the
CHILD LIFE magazine you
sent me. I was very glad to see
my poem, picture, story and illu-
strations in print.

I am sending you one of my
recent poems, and I hope you will
print it in CHILD LIFE sometime.
I have bought CHILD LIFE every
month since the first copy I ever
saw. That was in February, 1922.
I still have my first copy.

With love from
MARION KLEIN
Los Angeles, Calif.

SHADOWS

WHEN drawn are the glossy
shades of night,
And the flowers have gone to sleep,
The room is flooded with mellow
light—
Gray shadows around us creep.
Grotesquely alluring a shadow is—
A silhouette dim and gray—
The rhythm of night—
A fantastic dream
That goes dancing along till day.

MARION KLEIN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Age 11 years.

Glenna Martin
Helen L. Moir
Flora Morgan
Mary Marshall
Elizabeth Neisel
Ruth Nixon
Breda Nauman
Dorothy Newton
Helen Nolen
Eleanor C. Neal
Helen M. Neal
Jack A. Neicks
Alice Noonan
Margaret Nash
R. Kelly Niederjohn
Marjorie L. Neupen
Maxine Necker
Katherine L. Nelson
Ema Jane Nusum
Lee O'Neill
Ella Olson
Blanche Oebird
Doris Olson
Evelyn Outhouse
Lena Onnell
Isabel O'Keefe
Bertha Ortmann
Beatrice Orwig
Martha E. Owen
Audrey Orvingto
Elaine Pantell
James Puckett
Louise Petersen
Thaline Palmer
Catherine Pemonsey
Louise Pfisterer
Elizabeth R. Parker
Alberta Plumb
Edna Parker
Lillian Peterman
Gerald Pratt
Elizabeth Pontius
Edgar Walker, Jr.
Eather Perkins
Elva Parsons
Florence Parsons
Katherine Patterson
A. V. Pearce, Jr.
Adelma C. Penix
Ruth V. Phelps
Lena Powell
Gertrude M. Peterson
Doris V. Plautner
Elizabeth Prentice
Phil Pines
Frances Palmer
Wayne Phillips
Eleanor C. Prossly
Matcha Pierce
Virginia Piser
Estelle Penn
Charlotte Porter
Jean Plumb
Marjorie Pearce
Henriette Petersen
Dorothy W. Pelser
Alvin Plumtree
Annie Volt
Dorothy Richards
Margaret K. Reyman
Sophie Rekas
Elvira Riesinger
Charles Rowland
Anne E. Reese
Evelyn Redington
John Reid
Anna Irene Ruth
Jack Ravenscroft
Lynn C. Riess, Jr.
F. F. Reardon
John Walker Ryan
Helen Rieth
Susan W. Williamson
Lucy B. Welch
Mary B. Wilson
Catherine E. Wattar
Margaret Whelan
Ruth M. Whigley
Natalie Wait
Mae A. Wyckoff
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Hermione Wlenaky
Theresa Ward
Ralph Williams
Maxine Wilson
Carol West
Ellen Walton
Wibb Wills
Nadine White
Lucile Wyan
Phillips Wynne, Jr.
Marjorie Whitmore
August Watslavich
Beatrice Wood
Florence Wetmore
Betty Wells
Robert B. Wallace
Georgia Whitford
Helen Walters
Rufus M. Wallace
Anita M. Whitehead
Roberta Wheeler
Virginia Withington
Eleanor L. Wells
Winifred B. Wadley
Jane Weber
Jean L. Walker
Norma E. Waples
Miriam Walker
Delmar Whitmore
Christine Ware
Theresa Winstad
Mary A. Ward
Mary Katherine Warren
Marjorie Woodhull
Hilda Wheeler
Jane Wagner
Catherine C. White
Lucy R. Waterbury
Juliette Wilson
Rex Wightman
Luana Warren
Corinne Yates
Elizabeth Yount
Lena L. Youm
Grace E. Young
Alice Mae Ziemer
Robert Ziegler
Marjorie Zeiner

